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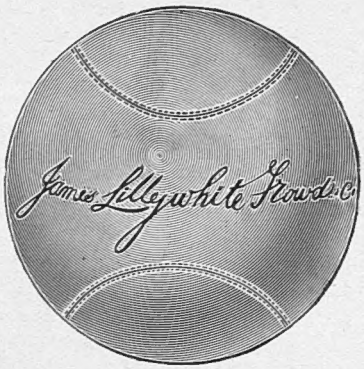

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"GRANDE CHARTREUSE."

NOTICE.

In His Majesty's Court of Appeal

On the 11th day of DECEMBER, 1907,

IN AN ACTION OF

REY and OTHERS on behalf of themselves and all other Members of THE CARTHUSIAN ORDER and OTHERS,

v.

HENRI LECOUTURIER and OTHERS.

A PERPETUAL INJUNCTION was granted

Restraining each of the Defendants, their and each of their Servants and Agents, from using the word **"CHARTREUSE"** in connection with the sale of liqueurs other than liqueurs manufactured by the Plaintiffs, as the name of or as descriptive of the liqueurs, or without clearly distinguishing the liqueurs so sold from the liqueurs manufactured by the Plaintiffs, and from selling or offering for sale in England any liqueur or other liquors not manufactured by the Plaintiffs in such a manner as to represent or lead to the belief that the liqueur or other liquors manufactured or imported or sold by the Defendants are the manufacture of the Plaintiffs.

NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN

That any person selling or offering for sale as **CHARTREUSE** any liqueur, other than that manufactured by the Pères Chartreux, will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the Law.

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No. 229.—Vol. XVIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 22, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

MR. CHURCHILL LEAVING HIS TOWN HOUSE FOR HIS CONSTITUENCY

The new President of the Board of Trade, after the formal announcement of his promotion last week, proceeded to Manchester, where, at the moment, rages one of the fiercest electoral contests of recent years, the result of which is very much in doubt

No. 229.—Vol. XVIII.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, April 22, 1908

	PAGE
Frontispiece	159
Bystander Comments	161
Social Movements in Ireland	168
The Member for "The Duke"	169
Rome at Eastertide	170
Wig and Gown	172
Continental Chat	175
The Great Irish Conspiracy.—No. 6	177
The Playhouses	179
A Roof-Garden in a Far Western City	182
Our Worldly Short Stories: No 126.—"Raising the Wind." By May Creagh-Henry	184
The Library	192
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	194
Automobile Topics	201
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	206
The Garden	VIII
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

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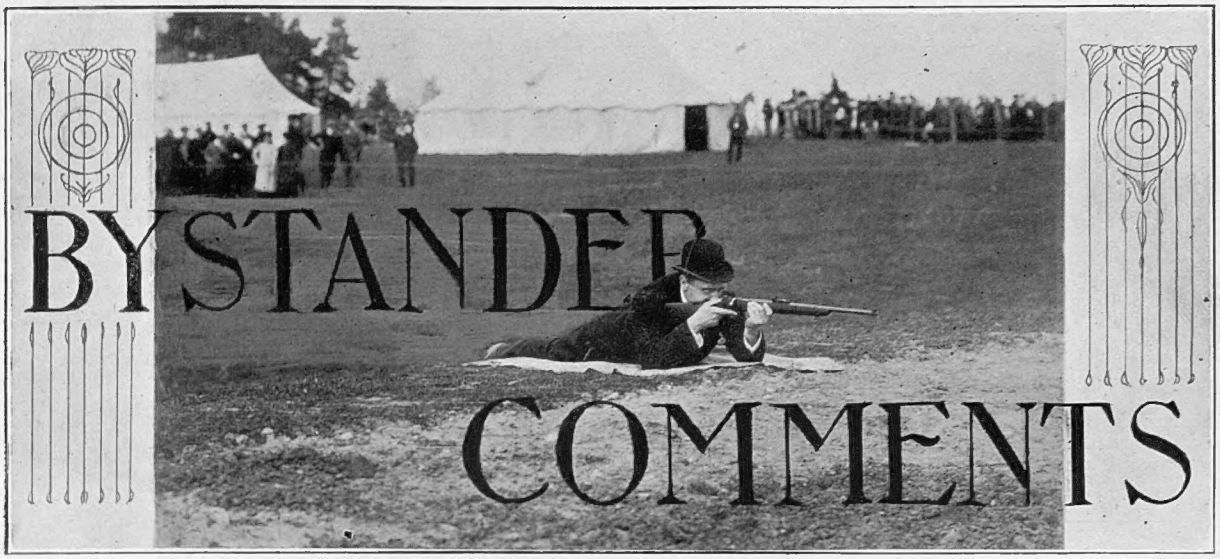
NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"Morozia." By A. G. Hales. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
The Albany Review. Edited by Chas. R. Buxton. (Lane: 2s. 6d. net.)
"The Secrets of Beauty and Mysteries of Health." By Mrs. B. Potter. (Everett.)
"The Duke of Cambia." By A. Chas. Swinburne. (Chatto and Windus.)
"The Splendid Coward." By Houghton Townley. (Greening: 6s.)
"Cupid the Chauffeur." (Sisleys: 6s.)
"Through a Peer Glass." By A. Waghorne. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"Limbo." By Vernon Lee. (Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)
"The Sands of Pleasure." By Filson Young. (Grant Richards: 1s. net.)
"The Gourmet's Guide to Europe." By Newnham Davis. (Grant Richards: 5s. net.)
"Edinburgh." By R. L. Stevenson. (Seeley: 6d. net.)
"Japanese Wood Engravings." By W. Anderson. (Seeley: 2s. net.)
"The Sunlit Road." By Horder. (Pitman: 3s. net.)
"Sporting and Athletic Register, 1908." (Chapman and Hall: 5s. net.)
"Hyde Park: Its History and Romance." By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (Nash.)
"Motor Tour in Wales and Border Counties." By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)
"The Disinherited of the Earth." By Mrs. Henry Graham. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
"Adam Argham." By S. R. Graham Clark. (Long: 6s.)
"The Traitor's Wife." By W. H. Williamson. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"The Tragedy of Korea." By F. A. McKenzie. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"The Shadow." By Paul Urquhart. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"Microbe as Friend and Foe." By H. Valentine Knaggs, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., L.S.A., etc. (Jarrold: 1s. net.)
"Missing Friends." (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d.)
"Mediterranean Winter Resorts." Vol. II.: Africa. By Eustace Reynolds Ball. (Hazell, Watson and Viney: 3s. 6d.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES, care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.



Prince Alexander of Teck Fires the First Shot at the Opening of the Cookham Rifle Range

Royal Movements

In the very best of health and spirits, as that mentor of Monarchy, the *Times*, has recently suggestively reiterated, the King returned to England for Easter after a holiday of nearly two months at Biarritz. On Monday, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, and a numerous suite, his Majesty left the country again, this time, however, on politics rather than pleasure bent. To-day the Royal party is in Copenhagen, and will be entertained by the King and Queen of Denmark at a State banquet to-night. On Saturday their Majesties leave for Stockholm and Christiania, and the King will return to London on May 4. The Queen, who prefers at this very "social" time of year to remain abroad until the Courts necessitate her presence, will probably stay away for some weeks longer.

* * *

Royal and Political Concerts

The King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales have all four promised to be present at the Albert Hall on May 30, when Mme. Melba and Signor Caruso will sing at the invitation afternoon concert arranged in connection with the League of Mercy. On April 30 the Opera Season opens (with Italian opera), and earlier in the month (next Tuesday week) Mrs. Asquith makes her début as the wife of the Prime Minister with a grand concert to be given in the beautiful drawing-room of her house in Cavendish Square. Lady Marjorie Manners and her friend, Miss Viola Tree, are taking part, and the fact that Mrs. Asquith's fine old garden, with its green hedges, fruit trees, and high red walls is just bursting into evanescent London beauty, will give an added charm to the entertainment.

A Queen's Adventure

Quite unobtrusively, but very thoroughly, the strictest guard has been kept over the Queen and Empress Marie while they were in England. The Empress, since the awful Portuguese affair, is more nervous than ever, and never moved out of Buckingham Palace without her greatest safeguard—the Queen. Nevertheless, it was to officials, wan and

Photo] **A Demosthenic Duchess** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough (on the left) arriving at Stratford Town Hall to present the prizes at the East London Musical Festival. The Duchess has lately acquired the oratorical habit, and made an inspiring speech to the assembled music-lovers on the merits of their art. On the right is Lady Claud Hamilton, wife of the chairman of the Great Eastern Railway which has large interests in Stratford

Queen Alexandra's "Dream" of a Bungalow

worn with worry, at Fordham the other day that Queen Alexandra smilingly regretted the hour's delay. Even a Royal chauffeur, it seems, is not infallible. On their way to Sandringham the two Queens stopped at Newmarket. There they inspected the King's horses, and became so interested that they stayed much longer than was intended. Then a tyre burst soon after the start, and, finally, the chauffeur took a wrong turning and traversed some fourteen miles instead of six. Meanwhile, at Fordham, pending the Royal special's departure, train after train was being held up, officials were dreaming of bombs and Anarchists, and passengers' tempers were slowly becoming very much the worse for wear.

* * *

The Queen's Bungalow

Snettisham, though it lies on the high road between Lynn and Hunstanton, five miles from the latter and about the same from Sandringham, is one of the quietest little villages in Norfolk. And the beach, nearly two miles distant from the village, is even quieter still, so it is here that Queen Alexandra has elected to build her bungalow. Her Majesty has always been fond of this particular bit of seashore. There are always wonderful skies and varied views: in the North, Hunstanton, with its picturesque white cliffs; in the South, the Towers of Lynn; in front, the wide expanse of the Wash, dotted with fishing boats and the distant coast-line of Lincoln and the tower of Boston Church plainly visible. The bungalow, built with deep red-brown stone, has two rooms only. A wide verandah fronts the Queen's room, and the stones are set to give a rough appearance, while the ceilings are coarsely plastered and embedded with stones and shells from the beach.

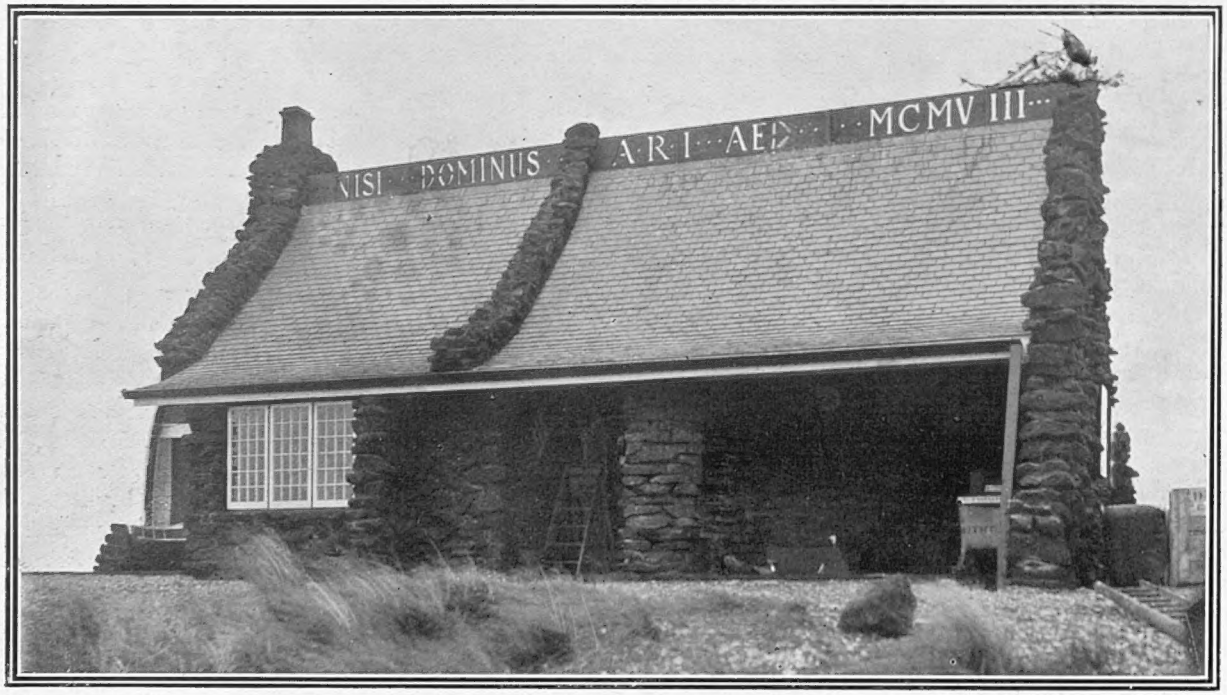
The Final Meet of the Rufford

The Marquis of Titchfield (son of the Duke of Portland) with his sister, Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, at Ollerton Park, Notts, Saturday, April 11

* * *

The Progress of Her Grace

The Duchess of Marlborough progresses rapidly in her lately developed habit of oratory. Only the other day, before a select audience in New York, she rather set her compatriots by the ears in declaring that American women did not do their duty to their children in the same degree as English women. And last week, while presenting the prizes at the Stratford and East London Musical Festival, the Duchess gave vent to the charming, if not entirely original, opinion, that "music stimulated the imagination and brought to light those ideals which certainly existed in every nature." After which I incline to agree with Lady Gordon in her recently announced belief that the



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SEASIDE RETREAT

The Royal Bungalow at Snettisham, Norfolk. It stands on the beach, and has two rooms only. It is designedly rough and primitive in appearance, but is most beautifully situated

Entirely Incog.

THE KAISER GOES BOATING ON A COOL SICILIAN STREAM

Photo *Bolak*

A CHARMING IDYLL ON THE ANAPO, NEAR SYRACUSE

On his way to Corfu, the Kaiser spent a day or two in the beautiful island of Sicily, where Spring has long since definitely set in, and where, therefore, such delights as boating are to be enjoyed without chill and discomfort. The Emperor is seen in the bows, examining papyrus plants

The Cabinet of the Young Blood

higher you go in social circles the more solemnity do you find, and that for sheer, unmitigated seriousness nothing can equal that found in a country house, where the party composed of people of sixteen quarterings, is presumably collected for the purpose of mutual amusement.

The Vanderbilt marriages, by the way, do not prosper. There is at present no likelihood of the Duchess returning to Blenheim, and, in America, the wife of Alfred Vanderbilt, the richest young man in the world, who starts his Brighton coach next week, has filed a suit for divorce. She is a sister of Lady Cheylesmore.

* * *

Youth at the Prow

Despite Mr. Ian Malcolm, who refers to the present Government as "The Great Steal Trust," and Mr. Walter Long, who says it is not a Nonconformist but a Non-performist Cabinet, the country at large is, I am inclined to think, looking leniently and hopefully upon the new *régime*. It has youth, at least, at the prow; and youth is ever a new wisdom; it stands on tiptoe to explain. Men get opinions—did not Mrs. Browning say?—as boys learn to spell—by reiteration chiefly. At least three of the new Ministers—Mr. Churchill, Mr. McKenna, and Mr. Runciman, and, outside the Cabinet, Lord Lucas, Mr. Acland and Mr. Masterman—are yet young. We have a Cabinet unique, at any rate, in youth. In no less company than Disraeli's I find very much to eulogise in the quality, for, after all, out of the mouths of babes . . . . . .

* * *

"Congratters"!

Congratulations to Mr. John Burns on his rise in status and salary. He is now to draw just seven times as much as, according to his own original estimate, any man was worth. There will be made, out of this, much Labour capital (the two things do combine sometimes!). But, really, I don't think Mr. Burns can fairly be charged with inconsistency. After all, his £3,500 a year is not a permanent, but a very, very temporary income, which he will assuredly lose with the next General Election. The Labour Party should be kind to Mr. Burns and his fellow £3,500-a-year men. They may not long remain.

Photo *Sport and General*

The Hon. Neil Primrose

(Second Son of Lord Rosebery).
Adopted Liberal—but anti-Home Rule—candidate for the Wisbech Division at the next election

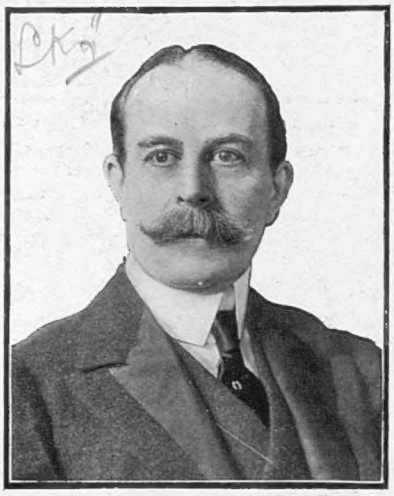


Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Lord Crewe

New Secretary of State for the Colonies and Leader of the House of Lords (which has now become quite respectable again, and has two new real Liberal peers to sit in it)

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Premier at Biarritz

Mr. Asquith walking along the Parade chatting with the King's Equerry, Colonel Ponsonby. He completed the Cabinet last week. It is, on the whole, quite a nice one

A Fight for Honour

Meanwhile, "Winston" is busy in Manchester. The man "up against" him, Mr. Joynson-Hicks, is also up to him—a man well worthy of Mr. Churchill's steel. It would be a pity, of course, for Mr. Churchill's sake, if he should be beaten. But the charge of ungraciousness against his opponents "still smarting under their recent defeat" for contesting the seat, was an indiscretion. After all, Mr. Churchill captured for the Liberals a strong Conservative seat, and he did a terrible lot of damage to Toryism in Manchester by assisting to oust Mr. Balfour. He must not complain that they have been anxious to retrieve their honour at the earliest opportunity. They would have been better deserving of Mr. Churchill's contempt had they sat down under the defeat in question and allowed his unopposed return.

* * *

Winston's Opponent

Mr. William Joynson-Hicks, whose fate, and Mr. Churchill's, is to be decided on Friday in North-West Manchester, has already made two attempts to enter Parliament. He is a City solicitor, and a clever speaker. He has for long been a shining light on the board of the London General Omnibus Company, and he is now largely interested in the motoring industry. He is both teetotaler and Tariff Reformer; nevertheless, his spirits are always at very high level, and his habits are those of the whirlwind. He is fair and good-looking, and possessed of delightful manners. Altogether a worthy opponent.

* * *

Meditation

(On Mr. Morley's elevation to the Peerage)

The Rads once took, as hats they doffed,
The "Perish-India" vow.
But Honest John's been sent aloft.
'Tis Peerish-India now!

* * *

The New Rembrandt

In March last a picture described as a "Rembrandtesque portrait of the painter's son Titus," belonging to the late Lord Young, of Edinburgh, was sold to Messrs. Lewis and Simmons at Christie's for the sum of 205 guineas. This same portrait has now been sold in Berlin

For Roystering Uses

THE FINE OLD BANQUETING CHAMBER AT SUTTON COURTENAY

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

THE HALL AT SUTTON COURTENAY, WHERE LORD AND LADY ERRINGTON ARE SPENDING THEIR HONEYMOON

Lord Errington, Lord Cromer's heir, and his bride, the daughter of our Indian Viceroy, are spending their honeymoon at the Manor House, Sutton Courtenay, near Abingdon, which has been lent them by Captain Harry Lindsay, the cousin of the Earl of Crawford, and brother of the Duchess of Rutland. One of the most interesting portions of the fine old Manor House is the banqueting hall, dating from the Tudor period. At the back is draped a piece of antique tapestry, in front of which is seen the Gothic ornament of the Musicians' Gallery. The furniture represents many different classes of work from the Fifteenth Century credence (in the corner on the left) to the Stuart and Cromwell pieces scattered about the chamber. The fine oaken panelling and mantelpiece should also be noted

Memories of "Ronnie" Greville

for nearly forty times this amount, having proved to be one of the finest of the master's many magnificent portraits. The discovery that, for a paltry two hundred guineas or so, they had bought a masterpiece, was made by Messrs. Lewis and Simmons with the usual aid of a little soap and water, gentle applications of which quickly revealed the unmistakable brush-work and strong signature of Rembrandt. The discovery, doubtless, will once again fire the quest after lost Rembrandts, of which it is said that no fewer than one hundred specimens remain unknown.

* * *

"Realistic"

A "realistic" feature of the Franco-British Exhibition is to be "a tiger-hunt, in the course of which a dozen fully-grown elephants will slide down a precipice from a height of forty feet into a lake twenty feet deep?" The tiger, we presume, will plunge in after them, but, taking pity on the poor drowning mammoths, will seize them from behind and drag them ashore, thus giving a valuable exhibition of life-saving. Should any of the mastodons remain unconscious, the queen of beasts will instantly mount a bicycle (which will be in readiness) and pedal off at full speed to fetch an Indian doctor, who, mounting behind, will come up and do the invisible rope-trick. The hunters will then present the tiger with the Royal Humane Society's Medal, on condition that it consents to become a mat. The tiger will sing "Good-bye, Sweetheart," accompanied by the Blue Hungarian Band. It will all be very jolly and realistic—which means, of course, very like the real thing.

Photo *Sport and General*

The Late Captain the Hon. Ronald Greville (on the right) at Folkestone Races last year

The Captain died of pneumonia at Poleshill lately. He was son of Lord Greville and Lady Violet Greville

* * *

Too Many Exhibitions?

Of course, I wish every success to the Exhibition, which, as the photograph opposite suggests, is to be no end of a fine affair. May it draw the whole universe, and irrefragably cement the *entente cordiale*. When, however, it is over, and we have all revelled in its multitudinous delights, will some of our wise men sit them down and ask themselves if successions of international orgies in the praise of peace, perfect peace, are not just a wee bit absurd when all the nations alike are spending hundreds of millions annually on armaments? I view the expenditure on vast exhibitions, at a time of acute distress and taxation, as a regrettable sign of the times, somewhat suggestive of Nero's attitude towards the burning of Rome, though, as an individual, of course, I am glad enough to avail myself of such sumptuous provisions for my amusement.

The Newly Discovered Rembrandt

After having been picked up by Messrs. Lewis and Simmons for a trifle of 205 guineas, this masterpiece has been re-sold in Berlin for nearly forty times that amount. It is the portrait by Rembrandt of his son Titus, and typifies a youth recovered from a serious illness

* * *

The Racing Season

For the racing set, the real business of life begins to-day (Wednesday) with the Craven Meeting at Newmarket, after which, in quick succession, come the Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn Hill, Punchestown, Epsom, Chester, Derby, and the Oaks. The first Spring Meeting at Newmarket, shorn, as usual, of the presence of the King, is always very quiet, if also exceedingly "the thing." At Chester, early next month, a record attendance is expected, for the presence of the King at Eaton Hall, as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, will bring a big crowd, in addition to the many house-parties held in the neighbourhood. Two months later, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster will again be entertaining Royalty, for the Prince and Princess of Wales are to stay with them when they go to open the new Town Hall at Stockport. The Duke seldom misses a Newmarket Meeting, and always rushes about, like his cars, at top speed or higher, in great contrast to the slower movements of his more phlegmatic Duchess.

* * *

The Late Captain Greville

Very much missed at the season's race meetings will be Captain "Ronnie" Greville, whose sad death from

A Real Exhibition at Last!

LONDON'S PREPARATIONS FOR ITS GREAT ANGLO-FRENCH SHOW

The Western Wing of the Indian Pavilion

The Palace of Music

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Exhibition's First Royal Visitors: Queen Alexandra and the Dowager Empress of Russia in the Stadium

BACK ROW: —— Sir Edward White, Lord Blyth, —— Mr. Edgar Kiralfy
FRONT ROW: Countess Heiden, Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Hon. Sir John Cockburn, Earl of Derby, Dowager Empress of Russia, Queen Alexandra, Mr. Imre Kiralfy (Managing Director of the Exhibition), Mr. Herbert W. Blyth

During her stay in England, the Dowager Empress of Russia, with her sister, Queen Alexandra, has been "doing" the sights of London in approved fashion. The Zoo, the British Museum, Kew Gardens, and the other sights have all been visited, and on Friday week they went to Shepherd's Bush and saw all that was to be seen of the great Franco-British Exhibition preparations. The workmen and all concerned have still a tremendous amount of work to get through before the Show will be ready for its opening in May

The British Applied Art Palace

Photos

Simpler than the Elephant Puzzle! Laying the French Tiles

The French Palace of Applied Art

Graphic Photo Union

Social Movements in Ireland

Photo *Cosway*

Lady Malmesbury

One of the well-known British Society women now in Rome. The Kaiser lately stood sponsor to her baby son

pneumonia after an operation for an affection of the throat, took place only a few days after the Grand National, at which he was present as the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker. The eldest son of Lord Greville and of the Lady Violet Greville, sister of the Duke of Montrose, who has for so long contributed to *The Graphic*, Captain Greville leaves no children by his marriage with the stepdaughter of Mr. MacEwen, the "Bass" of Edinburgh, and the next heir to the barony is, therefore, his brother, Captain Charles Greville, A.D.C. to Lord Northcote in Australia. Mrs. Greville, whom, as a hostess at Reigate Priory and at Polesdon Lacey, the King delighted to honour, has left England to join her stepfather at Cannes, and will make an extended tour in Italy.

* * *

Youth, Wealth and Politics

Youth, wealth, and the gambling instinct are all desirable adjuncts to the budding politician. All three are present in the popular and well-known persons of Viscount Villiers and Mr. Neil Primrose, both of whom have decided to enter the political arena, the one, Lord Jersey's son, as prospective Unionist candidate for the Brentford Division of Middlesex, and the other, Lord Rosebery's younger son, as Liberal candidate for Wisbech. Both are bachelors (though, in one case, at any rate, not necessarily a confirmed one), both are keen Turfites and very wealthy, and both foregather with unfailing regularity in the Rooms at Monte, where a few years ago Viscount Villiers won £30,000 at a sitting. Mr. Primrose recently inherited a very large fortune and a lovely house from his maternal great-aunt, Miss Lucy Cohen, and Viscount Villiers will one day be a great landed proprietor, as well as a partner in Childs' Bank.

Photo] **The Hon. Winifred Edwards** [*Lafayette*

The youngest sister of Lord Kensington, prominently interested in philanthropy and sport

Punchestown Week.

Punchestown week, in fulfilment of tradition, promises, if only the Elements prove kind, to be a gay one—the gayest, in fact, that poor dear Ireland has had for many a weary day. The races, in sight of the lovely Wicklow Hills, begin on Tuesday and end on Wednesday, and on Friday and Saturday a big crowd is expected at Leopardstown and Phœnix Park. On Thursday a Charity Ball takes place at the Hospital in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, and during the week Lady Nutting and Lady Cochrane are giving dances. The Viceroy, for this occasion only, swallows personal prejudice and takes, for a non-racing man, uncommonly keen interest in the sport. He will journey, together with Lady Aberdeen (if her rheumatism allows) and their house-party, from Dublin to Naas by special train, and drive thence on to the course in the Viceregal State carriages.

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A New Host at the Hospital

Lord and Lady Grenfell, who generally "did" Punchestown from Dublin and brought with them a large party of friends from the Hospital, will be much missed there this year as hosts. Lord Grenfell, who has been promoted to be a Field-Marshal, has just relinquished the command of the Forces in Ireland to General Sir Neville Lyttelton, and he and Lady Grenfell intend for a time to settle in England. Lord Grenfell, though he has seen service as far back as the Zulu and Egyptian wars, is still one of the best-looking men in the Army. He was once Sirdar in Egypt, and was Governor of Malta while Lord Kitchener, his junior in Egypt, was putting matters to rights in South Africa five years ago.

Photo *Thomson*

Mrs. Selby-Bigge

Wife of Mr. L. A. Selby-Bigge, C.B., a very successful dance-giver

The Member for "The Duke"

Lord Grenfell, by the way, is a direct descendant of Elizabeth St. Leger, the only woman Freemason.

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A Wedding and an Engagement

The marriage of Lord Arthur Hill's son, Captain Arthur Hill, to an American lady, who was formerly wife of the millionaire, Menzies Corwen, and the engagement of Lord Norbury to Miss Ellis, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. William Ellis, of Morpeth, are two events greatly interesting Irish people just now. Lord Norbury, who is fourteen years senior to his future bride, succeeded his father when he was only eleven, some thirty-five years ago. His earldom is less than a century old, the first earl being that "Bloody Norbury" whose supreme judicial control over life and death was never known to err on the side of mercy. Lord Norbury's sisters are Lady Caledon, Lady Mary Stewart, Lady Margaret Jenkins, and Lady Charlotte Toler. Lady Caledon is staying with the Duchess of Abercorn at Baron's Court, and will be one of the many Irish ladies who will assist at the Duchess's fancy fair at the Palace, Armagh, next Thursday week.

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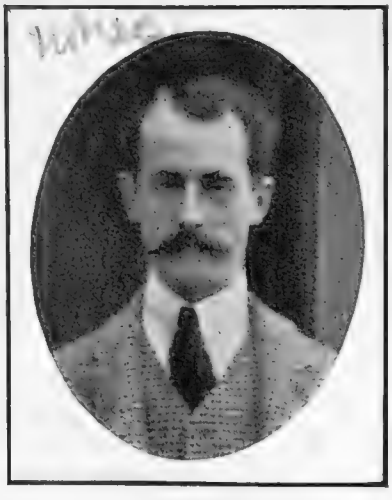
To Succeed the Duke

Yet another youthful scion of nobility (this time, however, a Benedict), who is taking up politics, is the Earl of Kerry, who succeeds his brother-in-law, the Duke of Devonshire, as representative of the Western Division of Derbyshire. In his case the hunting habit may be said to take the place of the Turf and Table propensities of his fellow political novices, Mr. Primrose and Lord Villiers, for Lord Kerry has been in his time a mighty hunter of big game, and he has recently had most of his front teeth knocked out in the hunting-field. Rather an unfortunate occurrence for a potential orator. Still, one which, in these days of "bars" and American dentistry, is easily remedied. Lady Kerry was the charming half-Scotch, half-Irish Miss Elsie Hope, a granddaughter of Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie. She married Lord Kerry some four years ago, when only just out of the schoolroom.



Lord Kerry

Unionist M.P. for the West Derby Division. Eldest son of Lord Lansdowne, and brother-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire, whom he succeeds in the representation of the constituency

Photo *Thomson*

The Countess of Kerry

Photo *Weston*

Master Anthony Asquith

Son of the new Premier by his second wife

May Dances

Ye merrie month of May intends to live up to its name in dances if not in warmth and sunshine. Already almost every night is booked, and the ball is to be set rolling by Lady Lockwood and Mrs. Selby-Bigge, who are both giving dances on the 5th. Mrs. Selby-Bigge is the wife of the popular Assistant-Secretary of the Board of Education, whose treatises on philosophy, including "Hune's Inquiries" and "British Moralists," are well known to the students of such subjects. Their elder daughter, whose picture appeared in a recent number of THE BYSTANDER, is engaged to Mr. Cyril Pember, of Fairoaks, Hants.

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Easter in Italy

Lord and Lady Malmesbury, Lady Dillon (whose son, Mr. Henry Lee-Dillon, has lately become a convert to the Catholic Church), Lady Crewe, whose husband succeeds Lord Elgin as Colonial Secretary, Prince Buelow, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan are among the many well-known people who have been spending Lent in Rome. Lord and Lady Malmesbury, to whose baby son and heir the Kaiser lately stood sponsor, are making a tour in Italy, and will return to Heron Court, their delightful Hampshire seat, later in the Spring, when the many-hued rhododendrons are in bloom. Lady Crewe is still in very indifferent health, and will not be in London at all this season, for which

Rome at Eastertide

reason, and also because, all Lord Crewe's daughters are now married and have homes of their own, they have taken a lease of Coombe Cottage, Kingston Hill, from Lady Charles Beresford, who has already spent over three thousand pounds upon it in improvements. They hope to sell Crewe House. Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who has lately purchased the Villa Aldobrandini, one of the most famous buildings in the suburbs, built three hundred years ago for a descendant of Pope Clement VIII., is also indisposed and obliged to remain in Rome.

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In Rome

At Easter, in Rome, the five Basilicas are haunted by English and German and American tourists. The Romans themselves go quietly to their own Parish churches, but the alien crowds flock to St. Peter's, where Cardinal Rampolla celebrates High Mass. Sometimes the Pope himself comes down into St. Peter's on Easter Day, and when he does, so gorgeously garbed is the Papal Guard that there is a spectacle worth seeing, for the members of the Guardia Nobile are all sons of blue-blooded "black" families, all over six feet in height, and generally quite good to look at. The Swiss Guard, too, are always very much in evidence, for on these festal occasions they lay aside their ugly grey overcoats, and lounge about in their "quiet red and yaller." All the priests, of course, are perfect wrecks after Easter, for the Holy Week services, coming on top of all the Lent fasting, are fearfully trying.

The Tourist's Mecca

After the churches, the palaces of the Cæsars on the Palatine are the Mecca of the Easter-week tourists. These, I found on my last visit to Rome, have been made so neat that really all the virtue has gone out of them. The custodians discourage daisies and look on maidenhair askance. They spend most of their time—when not imparting inaccurate information—in raking the tidy little paths. The only really beautiful thing left in the Palatine is the crumbling pink Villa Mills, with its overgrown garden set among stone, pines, and cypresses. But even this, if not already demolished, is to be pulled down; there *may*, of course, be Greek gods underneath, and if so its destruction is excused, but the excavations round the Supercal have not revealed anything in particular, and in the Forum, the over-zealous archæologists have simply exposed the drains and foundations. Most of the tourists are bored to tears by the Palatine. They are marshalled about in droves by a harassed lecturer, who endeavours to be interesting about the murder of Caligula the while the tourists exclaim in wonderment at the likeness which exists between the underground passages and the entrances to the Twopenny Tube "at home." Rome swarms with pickpockets at Easter. They haunt the trams and, of course, the churches, and do themselves particularly well, I fancy, on those sad occasions when, by Goth and Vandal authorities, with Bengal lights and a mandolin band, the Colosseum is butchered to make a Roman holiday.

Photo **As He is Doing It in the Photograph, it Must be True!** [*Shepstone*

At five o'clock in the afternoon, reports a correspondent, Mr. Pliny Jewell, of Hartford, Conn., sits by his pond and rings a bell. Instantly fourteen large bull-frogs emerge from the water, and Mr. Jewel feeds them with live mice. The tail of a mouse is inserted in a crack at the end of a stick, and the animal is dangled before the frogs

The Fairest of the Fair?

ENGLAND AND AMERICA ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE

America's "Fairest:" Miss Margaret Frey

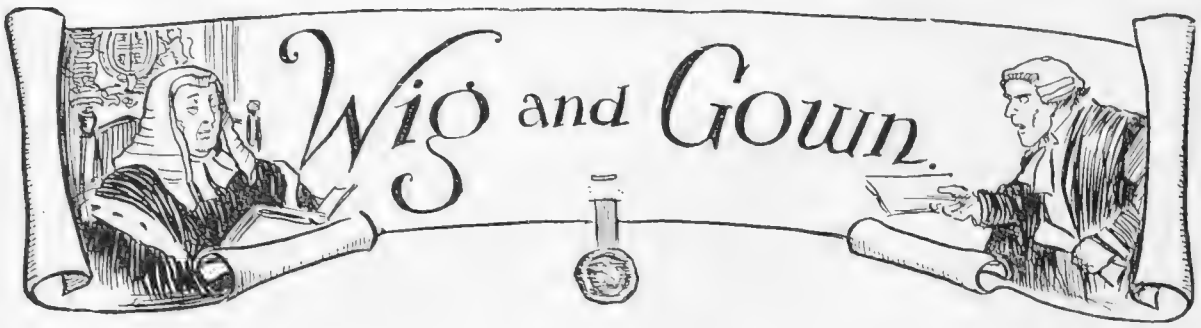
Who was some months back proclaimed "the most beautiful woman in the world," whereat the Chicago *Tribune* challenged England to find her rival

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

England's "Fairest": Miss Ivy Close

The American challenge was taken up by the *Daily Mirror*, and out of 15,000 competitors the original of the above photograph was adjudged by a distinguished committee of artists to be not only the fairest woman in England, but to be fairer than the fair Miss Frey. The other 14,999 competitors are now entering into a wordy fray. One point, however, on which they all agree is the unfairness of the judges

The four sketches at the corners represent types respectively of Scotch, English, Irish, and American beauty, and are by an American artist, Mr. Boileau, whose work is very popular in the States



The Cat

Once more the cry of the humanitarians has gone up against the use of the cat, a large batch of offenders having been sentenced at Cardiff Assizes to twelve or fifteen lashes apiece. I have every sympathy for those who object to this form of punishment, though I think that the question whether a short term of imprisonment with a flogging is less humane than a long one without, is one that can only be answered by those who have practical experience of prison life, but I find it difficult to raise even a spark of compassion for the prisoners in question. The man who gets his living by luring freshly paid-off seamen down a back street with the aid of a female decoy, and then knocking them on the head and robbing them of their wages, is, surely, the vilest of mankind, and deserves to be treated like the vermin that he is. The strength of my own feeling on the subject makes me rejoice that most of these sentences were passed by so level-headed a judge as Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence, one of the last men to allow either sympathy for the victim or detestation of the crime to influence his judgment in any way.

Photo ... *Illustrations Bureau*

A Judicial Conference

(*Left to right*) Sir Gorell Barnes, Mr. Justice Bucknill, and Mr. Justice Channell, have a consultation at the Bar Point-to-Point Meeting as to whether bookies should be turned out from Tattersall's

Inhumane Mercy

I suppose the real reason for the outcry against flogging and capital punishment is that injury or death by physical violence are now so rare that we have come to regard them as the greatest of all possible ills. But is this really so? Is the cat more terrible than semi-starvation in solitude on a plank bed between four whitewashed walls, and are the gallows worse than the horrors of penal servitude? Rayner, the Whiteley murderer, was presumably reprieved on humanitarian grounds, and the fact that he was recently reported to have made his fourth unsuccessful attempt at suicide would appear to indicate what his view of the matter is.

A New Circuit Scheme

Mr. Justice Bray, the Civil Judge at Cardiff Assizes, is the reputed author of a recently published scheme which is to come into operation next year, whereby the Circuit dates are to be altered in such a way that there will never be less than six Judges sitting in London throughout the legal year. The whole thing is so ingenious, and at the same time so simple, that one wonders why nobody ever thought of it before, and its only drawback is that some members of the legal profession will find their Whitsuntide holidays curtailed. The essence of it is to make each Circuit commence on a different date, so that the earliest one will have finished before the latest begins. One result will be that some of the Judges will always be away, and, consequently, that the existing accommodation in the Courts will be sufficient for the present staff. It is singular that the publication of this scheme should coincide with the announcement that two more Courts are to be built. Does this mean that the Treasury have at last given way, and that two more Judges are about to be appointed?

The Bar Point-to-Point Races

Wig and gown doffed, legal luminaries of many degrees of brilliance were present in large numbers at the Bar Point-to-Point Meeting at Hawthorn Hill on Saturday week. Originally arranged on the Circuit system, it looks as if this meeting would become a fixture at Hawthorn Hill, for this is the third year that it has been held there. Despite hazy and uncongenial weather conditions and rather heavy going, the course having been rather cut up by the previous day's Cavalry meeting, some excellent racing was seen, the most exciting item being the Bar Heavyweights, won by Mr. T. T. Phelps on Bulls-down, who beat last year's winner, Mr. W. W. Grantham, by a hair's-breadth. As in former years, Mr. Justice Grantham was judge, while among the starters were Mr. Justice Bucknill, Sir J. Gorell Barnes, Sir Robert Wilmot, Mr. J. G. Butcher—the only K.C. to win a race—and Mr. R. Yerburgh.

When Wig and Gown are Doffed

LEGAL LIGHTS AT THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT MEETING

Three Prominent Figures

Mr. Justice Grantham
Mr. A. T. Bucknill (Secretary of the Club) Mr. W. W. Grantham

Most of the best-known Judges and other legal luminaries were present at the Bar Point-to-Point Meeting at Hawthorn Hill on April 10, at which Mr. Justice Grantham acted as Judge, while Mr. Justice Bucknill, Sir Gorell Barnes, Sir Robert Wilmot, and Mr. J. G. Butcher, K.C., acted as Stewards. The most exciting race was that between Mr. T. T. Phelps and Mr. W. W. Grantham in the Bar Heavyweights, the former beating Mr. Grantham, last year's winner, by a short head

The Only K.C. who Rode

Mr. J. G. Butcher, K.C.

In the Enclosure

Lady Parkyns Mr. Horace Avory Sir Thos. Parkyns

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Horace Avory Argues with Mr. Justice Grantham (in the Judge's Box) on the Result of a Race

In summing up, the Judge said, "I know which was the winner, but I could not see his number." Evidently this was a case in which a jury was needed

A BRIDGE PROBLEM: AFTER THE HONEYMOON
Which will he declare? Hearts or Clubs?

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

Photo] Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Italian Palace [*Rischgitz*

The artistic enthusiasm of the multi-millionaire knows no bounds. Not content with acquiring innumerable works of art that he can take away from Italy, he is also acquiring those that he can't. Witness the Aldobrandini Palace, Rome, the piazza of which is shown above. Mr. Morgan has bought the famous home of the great princely family, and intends to house there such of his trophies as he cannot cart away to America

CONTINENTAL CHAT

A Meeting of Ministers

The meeting of Mr. Lloyd-George and M. Cruppi, the French Minister of Commerce, which was originally to have taken place in Paris, but was, owing to the right hon. gentleman's promotion to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, transferred to London, has more than one interesting side. M. Cruppi, who has recently visited England, is one of the best-known and most distinguished of French barristers; it was he who represented Mme. Anna Gould in her suit against her husband. He takes a particular interest in English law, and Mr. Lloyd-George has a particular interest in France and everything French. Some years ago, M. Cruppi published a valuable little volume on English criminal practice, which he came over to London to study on the spot. He was much struck with the Old Bailey, in which, in the old days, he witnessed a trial, and naturally contrasted the simplicity of the surroundings with the elevated manner and dignified independence of the Judge, who, to his surprise, acted practically as the defender of the accused. He also compared this attitude of the English Court with that of a French President of an Assize Court, and has ever since inculcated in his fellow-countrymen the lessons they can borrow from British methods. The Judge who sat at the Old Bailey on the occasion in question was Mr. Justice (now Lord) Collins, with whom M. Cruppi has remained on terms of friendship.

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Mr. Lloyd-George—Gallophile

Mr. Lloyd-George, who, in spite of many handicaps, taught himself French at an early age, considers that a thorough knowledge of this language should be obligatory in every profession. The last time I had the pleasure of chatting with him, he spoke with enthusiasm of France, her education, her Ministers, and her charming women. When Mr. Lloyd-George is overburdened with State affairs he runs over to Paris, and there gets new ideas and new energy. He has many friends in the Gay City. He is bright and amusing, and although his knowledge of French is too limited to allow of his indulging in wit, his conversation is much appreciated; but he is, above all, where a woman is concerned, the sympathetic listener, who spares no efforts to show her how much he enjoys her society. M. Cruppi, like Mr. Lloyd-George, is an ambitious man, and he will, doubtless, in due course, become Minister of Justice, a post he very much covets. Mme. Cruppi is a charming Parisienne, and much pleased with her new position. She is a wealthy *bourgeoise*, an *intellectuelle*, and a musician of distinction. Her recently published novel, analysing the character of a musician, had a fair

A COMÉDIENNE ROYALE

Photo *Reutlinger*

Mlle. Lantelline, a Popular Actress of the Comedie Royale in Paris

amount of success, but I am not sure if the larger number of copies were actually "sold." Mme. Cruppi is, however, a charming hostess, and her musical fêtes are fast becoming a feature of French Society. Many a young aspirant has made his or her musical début under the patronage of this brilliant woman.

I never quite understood why, with brains, money, and influence, M. Cruppi had to wait so long for his first political office. But he is too able a man to remain long on a lower rung of the Ministerial ladder, whilst Mme. Cruppi makes too good a *femme de Ministre* to be neglected as a social quantity under a Republic which is so lacking in women of social distinction.

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The Fate of Corfu

After a very successful meeting with the King of Italy, the Kaiser has settled down in his Ionian home to work. Contrary to what was at first stated, changes have been made in the old Castle and certainly, when the Emperor's intention to turn Corfu into a second Monte Carlo becomes known, it will call forth a storm of indignation. No doubt there is money to be made in Corfu, but the idea of a Casino, big hotels, and the luxurious villas of the Riviera taking the place of the curious little booths of Oriental wares, the ancient houses, with their low-pitched ceilings, and the long groves of orange, olive, and lemon trees, seems hardly pleasant. I know for a fact that William II. has asked the opinion of several experts on this subject, and is determined to carry out his ideas whatever may be the consequences. He also speaks of trying to rectify the imperfect architecture of the Castle, even at the expense of destroying its charm. The scenery of Corfu is too well known to need description here, and its legends have been sung by the poets of all times and all lands. If this fairy panorama is to be spoilt by the introduction of modern places of amusement, then, surely, the Emperor will be guilty of a wholly unusual breach of taste. Imagine a Casino in the isle of the Phœacians, with its memories of Ulysses, and its glorious Achilles statue!

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An Artistic Sensation

Great excitement in Paris Art circles has been caused by the sudden offer for sale in the French capital of three masterpieces of Raphael, Titian, and Velasquez, all three well known to belong to the celebrated d'Aoste Collection, which is one of the finest in the world. At first they were supposed to be copies, as there is a stringent law in Italy against exporting old pictures and nobody dreamed for a moment that the Duke d'Aosta could part with such national treasures. On closer examination, however, the experts ceased to have any doubts as to their authenticity, and the question was, how they managed to reach Paris. So great is the difficulty of getting pictures out of Italy, that last year Mr. Pierpont Morgan's yacht was searched before leaving each Italian port. As a fact, however, this can only apply to big pictures which require to be specially packed, and thousands of smaller-sized pictures are smuggled out in spite of the prohibition. For some time the mystery remained unsolved, but the indiscretion of a servant has brought the circumstances to light. The Duke d'Aosta was as usual, hard pressed for money, and had to sell them to keep off the most insistent of his creditors.

THE GREAT IRISH CONSPIRACY

NO. VI.—THE CONDITION OF THE PEASANTRY

The symbol of Irish "tranquillity." A member of the Royal Irish Constabulary

We publish below the sixth of a series of articles the object of which is to lay bare the real facts of the situation in Ireland, where a vast and well-organised conspiracy is at work not only for the overthrow of British rule but for the introduction of a state of Anarchy and Socialism. Previous articles have dealt with the leading personalities of the movement, the United Irish League, the Congested Districts Board, and the Priest in Politics

THE PAWN IN THE GAME

We have dealt so far with the leading figures and forces responsible for the organisation and active promotion of the Great Irish Conspiracy. A word is now due to the pawn in this socio-political game, the peasant agriculturist, whose distress is so unscrupulously fostered and exploited, for their own selfish ends, by political priests and pseudo-patriots. That the Irish peasant is actually in dire poverty there is no sort of question. How he got into that state, and how he is kept there, is another matter. He has been used as the foundation-stone, the nucleus of undeniable actuality, around which has been got up a campaign falsely repesenting itself as a national movement, with such catch-phrases as "the Land for the People" or "Ireland for the Irish." There is no national movement. There is none on the part of the people, who are simply impoverished, and, therefore, naturally discontented agrarians. The land they want is literal land with a small "l," earth and grass transmutable into ease and comfort, not the Fatherland or Motherland of the ardent patriot.

A SHAM "NATIONALISM"

There is none on the part of the "Nationalist" politicians. Drawn chiefly from the ranks of the publicans and gombeen men, or credit shopkeepers, occupations in which they have been infinitely greater curses to the people than ever any landlords were, they are monumentally ignorant of, and indifferent to, the real conditions and needs of their country. The peasant and his troubles are necessary to them, for the land unrest forms a plausible basis for the movement upon which the Nationalist M.P.'s political existence depends, upon which he lives, and from which, when its real objects have been attained, he hopes to draw a splendid share of power and plunder. The land war is essential, too, as a means of coaxing the dollars from the Irish extremists in America, who are so necessary for the financial support of the M.P., and who must be placated with open manifestations of violence and outrage. Least of all is there any national movement so far as the priesthood is concerned. For the priest, the nation is entirely subordinate to the Church. The priest neglects the education of the peasant, bleeds him dry with his extortions, and tyrannises over him in every department of life. It was for fear that the Church might otherwise lose her influence over the peasant that the priests joined hands with the politicians in the campaign of outrage, for which the distress of the peasant is the pretext. So have they made certain of securing for the Church the lion's share of the pickings in the event of the success of the Great Conspiracy.

POOR AMID WEALTH

It seems an extraordinary thing that there should exist such distress in Ireland. Ireland is a country particularly blest with natural wealth, with fine alluvial soil and temperate climate. It is an ideal country for agriculture, and it has close at hand prosperous England, which is always to be drawn upon for financial assistance. Yet the Irish peasantry remain always poor and wretched—so poor that large numbers of them are actually driven out of the country to seek a bare livelihood, and the emigration rate touches the appalling total of over fifty thousand a year out of a population of less than five millions—or one in every hundred persons! The average income of those that remain is estimated at less than £30 a year for a family of five people. And the statistics of poverty and emigration are rendered yet more gloomy by the accompanying increase in the figures of disease and lunacy. The peasant is bolstered up by subsidies; yet he remains poor. Large sums are spent in the education which should fit him to make the most of his life on the land; yet his margin of subsistence and the value of the land dwindle year by year. What can be the cause of this strange phenomenon?

SUICIDAL METHODS

We may seek it first in the false ideals—or lack of ideals—of the peasant himself, and his childish incompetence to deal with a practical problem. How far these attributes were implanted in him or fostered by others we shall see later. The real crux of the matter is not one that can be solved by direct legislation, of which there has been enough and to spare. The peasants—backed for their own purposes, by the agitators—centre their complaints and conduct their land war around the questions of tenure and ownership of the land. But the solution lies, not in the possession of the land or the rent to be paid for it, but in its employment so that it shall be rendered most productive. The Irish peasant is poor because he does not know how to use his resources, and, to all appearances, does not wish to learn. Under-cultivation, the child of ignorance and idleness, is the main cause of all Ireland's agricultural distress. Ignorance restricts the peasant's operations, and prevents him from realising the manifold advantages of improving his land; idleness leads him on to neglect it until it falls to the lowest value on which he can scrape together a sort of subsistence. The Gladstone Land Acts have encouraged him in this suicidal policy. By these Acts all rents may be revised every fifteen years, and the farmer obtains a reduction by deliberately impoverishing the land. He is too shortsighted to see that while the reduction can be but small, the return for good work would be, perhaps, twenty-fold. To one of his elementary powers of reasoning, the Acts place a premium on failure, and he finds that an easy one to earn. There are some tenants, however, who even take considerable pains to that end, and use precautions to stop the growth of grass and otherwise deteriorate their land—robbing both themselves and the country in order to get a paltry pound or two off the rent. And always they have the agitators at their back, encouraging them in this ruinous policy.

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK

Two tenants may have precisely similar holdings next to each other, the one improving and the other neglecting his land. When it comes to the revision of the rents before the Land Court, the good worker's rent will be raised, while the idler's is reduced. One of the countless evils of this under-cultivation is the amount of unemployment it causes. The farmer, wishing to keep the value of the farm down, does not employ labourers if he can help it, and numbers of people are thus thrown out of work and forced to emigrate. During the quarter of a century the Land Acts have been in force, the population of Ireland has decreased by about a million. From the point of view of the labourer, the peasant proprietor is a far worse employer than the landlord. For the landlord has a certain position to keep up, and so must employ labourers, whatever his economic views may be, but the peasant has no standing to maintain, and also has not intelligence enough to see that by employing labourers he will get a profitable return in the development of his land. He wants to get land on prairie value, and to use it practically as prairie. When it is more than he can manage himself, he sublets some of it at a high rent.

Mr. P. Kenny, in his book, "Economics for Ireland," quotes the case of a tenant at Tara, Co. Meath, who paid £2 an acre and called his landlord a tyrant for exacting such a rent. The tenant became the owner himself on a purchase annuity of 27s., employed less labour, did no tillage, and, when a poor man wanted some of his ground for potatoes, sublet it at—£12 an acre.

DELIBERATE WASTE

Since they have been given facilities for acquiring the land the peasants have employed less people and let more land go to grass. And so, where the soil is richest, the rate of depopulation has actually become highest, because people have been replaced by cattle. For instance, in the Derrynea district, in Connemara, where the valuation is 2s. 6d. per head of the people, the population shows little decrease, and the tillage rate is at a maximum; while in Navan, Co. Meath, where the valuation is £7, the population decreases heavily, and the tillage rate is at the minimum. Under the grazing system one family will be employed on an area which, under tillage, would provide a living for three or four hundred people. In fact, these peasants, whom England vainly attempts to assist by legislation and subsidies, have, under the tuition of the agitators, reduced idleness to a fine art. The smaller the value of the land, the easier it is to induce the landlord to give it up, and the lower the price at which it can be obtained. So reasons the agitator, whose object it is to get all the big men out of the country, and the scheme commends itself to the peasant. The Editor of the "Irish Peasant" published in his paper details showing how industrious tillage produced profits of 20 to 200 per cent. He was, in consequence, waited upon by a deputation of incompetent farmers and agitators, who came to him drunk and armed with sticks, and threatened him for having endangered their scheme of deliberate waste of the land.

DEFECTS OF CHARACTER

The Irish peasant has some excellent qualities, both intellectual and moral, which, if properly developed and directed, would make Ireland a prosperous country instead of a hopeless failure. But he lacks the constructive power, and so fritters his possibilities away. He has a deep attachment to certain ideals and beliefs, and his strong sense of the family tie has helped to keep the people together. But as he is to be found in Ireland to-day he is idle, envious, and, it is to be feared—as the natural result of loafing, semi-mendicancy, and cowardly outrage—also dishonest. Envy is a characteristic vice, and is one of the elements which helps to embitter the class war. The peasant wants to be a "gentleman," and apes the class above him, which happens to be the publican! He despises his work—that is one of the reasons why he does it so badly. He knows authority only in the form of tyranny, and so respects only those who threaten. Another token of his undeveloped intelligence is his belief in ghosts. Large, able-bodied men in Ireland are quite terrified of ghosts. One labourer refused a job, which he needed very badly, because he would occasionally have to be out after dark "among the ghosts." There is a false idea of liberty and independence among the peasants, which is largely due to lack of responsibility. In some parts of the country this "liberty" takes the form of refusing good wages during the hay harvest and loafing about in the sun instead, talking politics. Meanwhile, the wives have to work for the family.

RUINED INDUSTRIES

There is a sad lack of reliability, indeed, about the Irishman in Ireland. Many employers are prevented from launching out into extended operations because of the lack of reliable men: some have even given up tillage because they have been plundered by their employees. In industrial work, though this shows, on the whole, more advance than agriculture, the case is very much alike. An instance in point is supplied by the great cotton mills at Drogheda, for the closing of which one of the chief reasons was the unpunctuality of the workmen. Similarly, at a textile factory at Navan, great loss and dislocation of work was caused by the fact that a large proportion of the workers could not be induced to come punctually. Most striking of all was the manner in which a large ironworks at Arigna, Co. Leitrim, came to an end. One night the whole of the night staff got drunk, and let the metal cool in the furnaces. The place is now in ruins. Curiously enough, when the Irish peasant leaves his own country, he shows himself more than efficient. In America, Canada, Australia, Irishmen have proved most successful. Indeed, one has only to cross over to Lancashire to find that the Irish have the reputation of being among the best of workers. One reason, no doubt, is that they are away from the mischievous domination of the priest and the agitator. Under proper discipline the peasant is quite a different man. But he must needs have a master, until he has learnt self-discipline. At present he is the easy prey of the Conspirators, who are using him for their own selfish ends.

THE OBSESSION OF THE PRIEST

It is impossible to form a just estimate of the peasant without also including the priest, or to criticise his failings without acknowledging how great a portion of them is due to the vitiating influence of the priest. The priest is side by side with the peasant from his birth to his death—and charges through the nose for both events. He gets the peasant into his grip from the very first, through the fact that in Ireland all educational work has been appropriated by the priesthood, which does not fail to employ the privilege according to its lights, i.e. for the benefit and profit of Mother Church, without a thought for the real welfare of the pupils. At school the peasant is initiated into the clerical obsession which so noticeably hangs over Irish life—the atmosphere which makes it possible for men to be chosen as councillors or road-sweepers, or anything else one chooses to name, not because they are efficient, but because they are approved by the priests. As religion is used as a standard for selecting workers, so theology, not efficiency, is made the basis of education. The clerical teaching, indeed, is the most pitiful fraud conceivable. Its futility may be illustrated by the fact that Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is one of the subjects given to children low down in the elementary schools. And it not only fails to make the pupils good agriculturists, capable of earning their own living at home, but fails to make them morally fit for work and responsibility. The general attitude of the clerical teachers towards industry is one of contempt. And the conditions in these schools, where nothing is taught, are of the filthiest and most unsanitary. So that ignorance and dirt are the first two benefits that the peasant gets from the priest.

THE GOMBEEN MAN

The priestly influence is not relaxed in later life, and the ignorance and dirt are supplemented by a lack of independence due to the suppression of individuality under the priestly tyranny. The terror of the priest is carried to ludicrous lengths. One finds a peasant, for instance, who believes that the priest could turn him into a rat if he liked! With the extortions of the priest from his flock we have already dealt, as well as with his sham convent "industries" and his scandalous abuse of the weakness of the deathbed to get hold of all the peasant's alienable money for the members of his Church. One can trace here some, and not the least important, of the causes of the helplessness and poverty of the Irish peasant. Another incubus which keeps him down in the depths is the "gombeen man," or credit shopkeeper, the grocer or draper who sells drink together with his other goods, and also lends money at usurious interest. The gombeen man owes his position largely to the fact that he is the only source available in Ireland from which the peasants can get a small loan. The interest he charges is often 50 to 100 per cent., and in return for the privilege he forces upon his customers, who do not dare to refuse, bad whisky, bad tobacco, and bad tea, which serve to ruin them in health as well as in pocket. It is calculated that Ireland spends twenty millions annually on drink, tobacco, and tea—fourteen millions on alcohol alone. The gombeen man meanwhile amasses considerable wealth, and becomes an important man in the community in which there are no gentry. He is elected to boards and councils, which he makes hotbeds of sedition, for the gombeen man is a politician in embryo and a factor of significance in the forces of the Great Irish Conspiracy. He is hand-and-glove with the political priest, to whose collections he is the highest contributor, and who gets him elected to Parliament. The crippling influence of the gombeen man further contributes to the demoralisation as well as the impoverishment of the unfortunate peasant whom he gets in his grip. Sir Horace Plunkett tried, by introducing the co-operative system, to get the peasant out of this greedy man. But the publican-priest-politician influence was too strong for him, and he was dismissed from the headship of the Board of Agriculture, to be succeeded by Mr. T. W. Russell, now an avowed ally of the Nationalists.

A POSSIBLE REVOLT?

A point which adds to the misery of the peasant is the disgraceful sanitary condition of the towns and villages. He has never learnt cleanliness—indeed, filth and disorder was the lesson taught him in the clerical schools. The sweated "home industries" which are carried on in wretched town slums or squalid cabins, with a great consumption of bad tea from the gombeen man, stewed all day in the pot, are another potent element in his degradation, as well as a propagator of disease. Tuberculosis is very common among the Irish peasants, the rate being far higher than in Great Britain. Typhus, evidence of filthy conditions, is also a frequent visitor. There would seem to be little chance, indeed, for the peasant, whose welfare is the professed object of the Conspirators, so long as he is left under their sway as at present. Should the Conspiracy succeed in its objects, he would be worse off than ever, being still more at the mercy of the priest and the gombeen man, who, freed from restraint, would soon reduce him to complete impotence between them. The remedy for the genuine trouble of poverty and unemployment which exists in Ireland would be for the peasant to work as he should work, and could work, if he were only liberated from the malign influences which are making for him a heritage of ignorance and idleness. But the power is not likely to be relinquished voluntarily, and if it is to be thrown off there will have to be an upheaval. There have already been some mutterings.

Next week's Article on "The Great Irish Conspiracy" will deal with THE LANDLORD AND THE LOYALIST

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

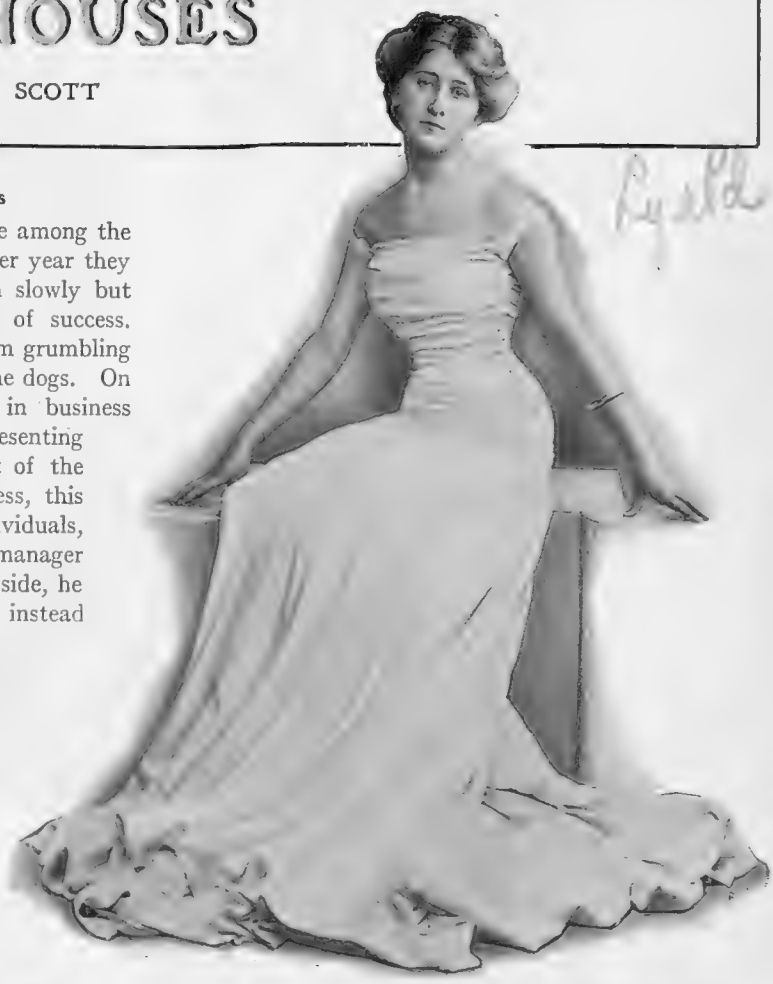


Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

"Where are you going to my pretty maid?" "To the Queen's Theatre, sir, she said"

Miss Phyllis Dare is, early in May, appearing as Peggy in the revival of *The Dairymaids* at the Queen's Theatre. She is here seen in the costume of one of the Sandow Girls

Brains in the Theatre Business

Theatre managers, taken as a body, are among the most conservative of mankind. Year after year they continue in a groove which takes them slowly but relentlessly away from the boundaries of success. Yet as the years fly they never cease from grumbling that the theatre business is going to the dogs. On all sides of them is change. Change in business methods, in tariff, in advertising, in presenting attractions, in catering for the comfort of the public. From this merry race of progress, this rush forward of keen, quick-witted individuals, all stung by the gadfly Change, the manager stands aside. A pitiful figure by the wayside, he stands mumbling over the old shibboleths instead of casting them aside in favour of the new.

Consider the changes which twenty years have wrought in the London of hotels, restaurants, and shops. A New London has sprung up. But, excepting in architecture, there has not been much change in Theatre-land. Handsome new theatres have appeared, but the worn-out policies and rules of thumb still obtain.

A Sacred Presence

A manager's business office is still conducted on most unbusiness-like lines. He is still a Sacred Presence, approach to whom is barred by faithful watchdogs, who bark loudly at the coming of a stranger. The manager is still wrapped up and coddled lest the current of new ideas should strike a chill to his delicate constitution.

A genius may still walk about London with the MSS. of a play worth thousands to a manager, and have as much chance of obtaining an interview with that manager as with the Sultan of Turkey. He may still post his play to the manager, and chortle with joy if he obtains a bare acknowledgment of the receipt of it within six months. Actors and actresses of great talent still languish in "the provinces," and regard London as difficult of entry as Mecca, the while managers give parts to "established London favourites," who, in this age of long runs, play about two parts per year, and jealously conserve and preserve the "mannerisms" which first won them the favour of the public.

Consummate Conservatism

Managers still spend large sums upon the production of a play, the worthlessness of which one would imagine men of their experience would detect by merely skimming through the manuscript.

Managers still meander round a field like a flock of sheep, and when one of their number breaks through the hedge they follow without giving a thought to the suitability to themselves of the new territory.

Managers still charge 10*s.* 6*d.* for a stall from which to see a play, the mounting and casting and whole nature of which stamps it as a second-class, or "popular," attraction.

Yes, the old men who have spent their lives in Theatre-land must feel very much at home and reasonably secure from surprise, whereas old clerks and old "men about town" must be for ever rubbing their weak eyes with astonishment. I am convinced that the main reason why managers almost to a man ranged themselves on the side of the Censor was because the abolition of this official struck a blow at the conservatism so dear to the managerial heart.

An Illuminating Example

If an example be sought of the value of ideas and enterprise in the conduct of the theatre, one can turn confidently to Miss Lena Ashwell. During the brief period in which she has reigned over the Kingsway Theatre, Miss Ashwell has shown signs of being very wide awake. She has discovered new dramatists by the simple process, apparently, of answering letters and granting interviews when applicants showed signs of promise. She has created an *entente cordiale* between herself and patrons by the business-like

methods she has employed in attracting their custom. To enter the Kingsway Theatre is to be reminded of the policy which governs the conduct of a great commercial house. You feel that no little contrivance or custom is omitted which tends to increase your comfort. This management gives one the impression of being very much alive. Miss Ashwell's latest departure is one that is certain to create much attention (a valuable asset these days), and should prove a very popular feature of the theatre. She is reviving the pit-stall at the price of 5*s*.

To Dress or Not to Dress

Managers, hedged around as they have been, can hardly have failed to hear the grumble of the City worker who is kept too late in his office, trying to make the necessary shekels to allow him time to go home and dress for the theatre. Yet Miss Ashwell is the first manager to cater for this enormous public of malcontents, or, rather, of would-be patrons, whose disabilities bar them from indulging in a favourite amusement, playgoing, as often as they might. The pit-stall solves the difficulty. It is very nice, of course, to see a dressed house, and foreigners are loud in their admiration for the appearance of an English auditorium. But it is not the butterflies who support the theatre, but the workers. Many hundreds of workers forego the pleasure of theatre-going because they do not like, naturally, to sit in the stalls or the dress circle in mufti.

In England, theatre-going is a most solemn affair. A family council is held, in which only, after much discussion, are venue and date (well in advance) settled upon.

In America, where a man goes to the theatre in his "business suit," paterfamilias suddenly says at dinner, "Let's go to the theatre to-night." A chorus of approval from his family, a ring on the telephone, and the trick is done. I am much interested in the outcome of Miss Ashwell's experiment. E. C. S.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Not to be Cowed by the K.O.W.'s

Mr. Lewis Waller is such a favourite with the ladies that a society has been formed in one of our suburbs, called "The Keen Order of Wallerites," known as the K.O.W.'s, who meet weekly to discuss Mr. Waller and his plays. Doubtless, Mr. Waller has been forced to purchase this Rudge-Whitworth cycle in order that he may the better be able to avoid their attentions

Eastertide and the Stage

This is a busy time in the theatrical world. We are undergoing a veritable deluge of new plays and revivals. On Easter Monday Mr. Tree opened his Shakespearean Festival Week at His Majesty's. At the Adelphi Mr. Robert Courtneidge produced the successful American musical play, *The College Widow*, with the original American cast. The same evening Mr. Fred Terry revived once again *The Scarlet Pimpernel* at the New. Yesterday (Tuesday) the Prince of Wales's re-opened with Messrs. Hurgon and Rubens' musical play, *My Mimosa Maid*; while *The Marriage of William Ashe*, with Miss Fanny Ward in the cast, was produced at Terry's. To-night (Wednesday) *Mrs. Dot*, by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, will be played for the first time at the Comedy. To-morrow (Thursday) we get another American play, namely, *Way Down East*, at the Aldwych. On Friday a brief respite is granted to critics, but on Saturday Mr. George Edwardes' *Havana* is due at the Gaiety. On the 28th, Mrs. D'Oyly Carte revives *The Mikado* at the Savoy, with Mr. Rutland Barrington in his original rôle of Pooh-Bah, and Mr. H. A. Lytton as the Mikado. On the 29th will be produced at the Playhouse an adaptation of M. Athis' *Boute-en-Train*. At the Garrick on the 30th, Sir John Hare opens his farewell season with a revival of *The Gay Lord Quex*. R. M.

A Gay Time for the Gay Gordons

All the *Gay Gordons* Company recently had a united outing by car. The above photograph shows the fleet of Argylls and Fiats with the merrymakers on board

SKETCHED AT THE OXFORD BY NORMAN MORROW

A ROOF-GARDEN IN

Photo] THREE VIEWS OF MRS. BLACKWELL'S BEAUTIFUL CREATI

The roof-garden on the Lincoln Hotel, Seattle, the celebrated little city of the far Western State of Washington, renowned chiefly as the jumping-off ground for Yukon gold seekers, is the creation of Mrs. Blackwell. It is regarded by many as the prettiest roof-garden in existence. It occupies a space of 12,000 sq. ft., and in addition to well-laid-out grass lawns, flower beds with beautiful blooms, shrubs, trees, and climbing vines, there is a charming tea-house and a pergola. The whole of the work in this aerial garden is done by Mrs. Blackwell and her tw there are a number of ash and b height. There are six or eight ma evergreens, two laburnums, and se tree, which bears enormously large the lilac, and quantities of roses, There are a thousand pansy plan

A FAR WESTERN CITY

N FOR THE LINCOLN HOTEL, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON STATE [*Shepstone*

laughters. In addition to fruit trees, trees, the latter towering 12 ft. in trees, six holly, four hawthorn, a few l Arabia trees, and one small apple-les. Then there are large shrubs, like e being three hundred or more bushes. in a bed 100 ft. long, other plants including 60 dahlias, a number of rhododendrons, two hundred carnations, 1,500 Dutch bulbs, and numberless annuals that grow and bloom in profusion. The vines that add softness and grace and give the flowing lines needed to complete the picture, are jasmine, Virginia creeper, grape, three varieties of clematis, wistaria, ivy, and climbing roses

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES.—NO. 126

RAISING THE WIND

By MAY CREAGH-HENRY

A WOMAN, in a faultlessly cut dinner gown, sat over the dying embers of a fire. Her heavy opera cloak had fallen from her shoulders, and from time to time she shivered, but she made no effort to draw it round her again.

The woman's attitude suggested utter despondency. It was late, but she still sat on, watching the red embers die out, one by one, and fall into grey ashes. At the sound of a latchkey in the front door the woman raised her eyes, but did not alter her position.

The door of the room in which she sat opened and a man entered. He was strikingly handsome, and wore an air of distinction—at a glance one recognised him as a foreigner. In an assembly where he was not well known, people invariably asked "Who is he?" In circles where he was a familiar figure they remarked "There's Count Orloff Mordvinoff." The man possessed a personality which could never be overlooked.

"Still up, Inez? It's nearly two o'clock."

The Count spoke English perfectly, with but a slight foreign accent.

"Is it?" his wife said, apathetically.

"What's wrong? Bad luck at Bridge, eh?"

"Bad luck!" the woman laughed harshly; "I've lost everything—everything, and I can't pay. I've not a penny in the world."

"Poor Inez. I fear your jewels will have to go—for a time."

She laughed again. "My dear Orloff, your observation is not great. They went weeks ago."

The Count started.

"You must have been gambling rather recklessly, my dear. You are a fool!"

"I am, for the one time I was lucky I paid a bill with my winnings. Since then I've had the devil's luck. But you? Have you been playing at the club to-night?"

The Count nodded; then he solemnly turned out all his pockets, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You mean to say you can't help me, Orloff?"

"My dear Inez, I've not a five-pound note in my possession, nor anything I can raise money on."

"Your father——?"

"My father will do nothing—absolutely nothing more. I heard from him to-day. He is angry; he says he will not send me another rouble, and if I ask for money again this year he will, as you English say, 'cut me off with a shilling.' Well, these people must wait till you find it convenient to pay them."

"Orloff," said the Count's wife, "do you know to whom I owe most of the money?"

"To whom?"

"To Major Mordaunt."

"Inez! I said you were to have no more to do with that man."

"I couldn't help it; indeed I couldn't, Orloff. He turned up at Lady Gardiner's after dinner for Bridge. I didn't know he was coming, and, as bad luck would have it, we were at the same table."

"How much do you owe him?"

"Close on £2,000."

"You didn't lose that sum to-night?"

"No, I owed him some before. I thought I should pull up to-night enough to pay. He kept doubling the stakes; I think he did it on purpose."

"Damned cur! I'm sure he did. You gave him an I.O.U.?"

The Countess shook her head.

"He insisted on driving me home to-night, and he said I wasn't to think of my debt again. He asked if he might call and see me one day; he suggested a time when you would be out, because you had the bad taste to dislike him, he said."

The Count ground his teeth.

"I can't stand the idea of being in his debt. Orloff, I must pay him somehow; I'm afraid of him. That sounds a foolish confession from a woman of the world—but it's true."

"Has he worried you?"

"He makes no secret that he admires me."

The Count paced up and down the room.

"We owe so much money that I fear every day they will come here and take everything."

"Orloff, we have been fearfully extravagant. If only we can raise this money now, I will retrench, I promise."

"You're a born gambler, Inez!"

"I've had my lesson. Oh! think, think of some plan to raise this money. No one would believe we couldn't do it at a few hours' notice."

"No one would believe a good deal, my dear Inez, that we could tell them about ourselves."

The Countess rose, and laid her hand on the man's shoulder.

"You are so clever, Orloff. You have got out of several awkward scrapes by evolving some smart scheme. Bring your shrewdness to the rescue now, *mon ami*. I must have the money this week, I must."

The Count looked down at his beautiful wife.

"If I can hit on any plan for raising it you *shall*, my dear," he said as he kissed her before she left him.

Count Mordvinoff poured himself out a whisky and soda, lit a cigar, and sat thinking until the dawn crept into the sky. Then he went to bed and slept soundly.

. . . . . .

Count Orloff Mordvinoff dismissed his taxicab

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

(*Continued on page 186*)

"Sumer Is Icumen In"

Those who fall under the spell of colour must have appreciated keenly the exhibition of pictures by Mr. Herbert A. Olivier, recently opened at the Grafton Galleries. First came a series of portraits of Indian chiefs destined for the Great Hall of the Daly College; their gorgeous Oriental robes forming a blaze of colour. No less attractive were the gem-like views of Kew Gardens, executed during the painter's convalescence from an illness. These show to perfection the many enchanted corners of this summer fairyland; many of them are to be reproduced in colour in a book now in preparation. It is manifestly impossible for a mere black-and-white reproduction, such as that given above, to do more than hint at the delicate lights and shades of the picture, which is one of several subject-pictures included in this show which were originally painted for and exhibited at the Royal Academy. The gauzy pink draperies of the maiden, the tender early green of the meadows, the mysteries of the brook, and the crowded blossom of the apple-trees, make a colour-scheme instinct with beauty, and with the fresh sensations of Spring

FROM THE PAINTING BY HERBERT A. OLIVIER

(*Continued from page 184*)

outside Finck's, the great city jeweller, and entered the shop. The manager came forward with an urbane smile to hear the requirements of this striking-looking customer.

"I wish to see some of your best things in order to select something suitable for a lady who already possesses many valuable ornaments," said the Count.

Forthwith he was shown endless pendants, rings, bracelets, and necklaces—none of them appeared wholly to satisfy his fastidious taste. One was too large, another too small, the stones in this were not well selected, that design was poor.

"I would suggest, sir," ventured the manager at last, "as none of our designs please you, that you should choose some unset stones, and have them mounted to your own design. We should be most pleased to carry out your instructions in every particular."

"A very good idea," said the Count. "Let me see what you have there."

The man displayed a variety of unset stones of remarkable beauty. One diamond in particular caught the Count's attention. It was a large, clear, beautifully cut stone.

"It's the best we have in the place," remarked the jeweller; "it would be worth eight or nine thousand pounds at least if we only had a pair. As it is the single stone, I could let you have it for six thousand. It is a diamond of the first water."

"Quite so, or I shouldn't want to buy it; but I think six thousand is a long price."

"It is worth far more than that, sir, but, as I say, we have only the single stone."

"Very well, I'll take it on approval, and will let you know to-morrow or next day if the lady fancies it; if so, in what manner she would like it set."

"I'm very sorry, sir, but we really could not allow the diamond to be taken on approval! It is not as though you were one of our regular customers; we have never seen you before, and—and—you understand, sir—we cannot do these things. It is against all rules."

"Bother your rules, my good friend," said the Count irritably. "Do I look like an impostor? Do you not know I am a respectable member of society? Yet, how should you know? As you say, you have never seen me before, but I am so extremely well-known in my own country, in St. Petersburg, that I forget it is not the same here in London. Let me give you my card."

The Count produced a handsome card-case, and the manager read the illustrious name, Count Orloff Vladimir Mordvinoff.

"My father is Prince Mordvinoff, in attendance on the Tsar. Anyone who knows the country can tell you what our position is in Russia."

"I am sorry, Count Mordvinoff, that I cannot oblige you in this matter, but I will send someone with the stone to any address you wish, so that the lady may see it."

"Bah! What suspicious creatures you English are! I will not have the wretched stone; I will go elsewhere for what I want."

"You misunderstand me, sir. It is against our rules."

But the indignant Count was already at the door.

"I suppose I must go shopping with an attaché from the Russian Embassy when I do not wish to pay cash for what I buy in London," he said angrily, as he threw open the shop door.

"One moment, sir," the man behind the counter cried. "Did you say you were known at the Russian Embassy?"

"Of course I'm known at the Embassy." The Count hailed a passing hansom.

"Count Mordvinoff, will you allow me to speak to you one moment?"

The Count was lighting a cigar on the step. He glanced back over his shoulder.

"Well, what is it?"

"May I ask you, sir, to allow one of our assistants to accompany you to the Russian Embassy, taking the diamond with him. If you are—pardon me, Count, I do not doubt your word for a moment—if you are recognised by any of the gentlemen there, he shall have orders to hand you over the diamond immediately. This will be quite satisfactory to us, if it is to you."

The Count's smile broadened into a laugh.

"Well, upon my word," he cried. "This is too amusing; that I am to be attended by a keeper. You are strange people, you English, but I am more than willing that you should be satisfied. Let one of your young men come in the hansom with me."

A smart assistant appeared, in immaculate frock coat and silk hat, and took his place beside the Count.

Arrived at the Embassy, they entered the hall together. The Count told the major-domo to take them to someone in authority, and they were ushered into the presence of a portly and imposing attaché, who bowed with some deference to the Count, and, addressing him by name, asked what he could do for his distinguished compatriot.

The Count explained that he wished to be identified, and the standing of his family in Russia vouched for, so that a firm of jewellers might know he was in a position to pay £6,000.

The attaché smiled sardonically at the young man from Finck's, and explained that the Count's family was one of high repute, and that the Count's father was a great landed proprietor in Russia. He then bowed them out of the room, while the Count, with his habitual smile, looked at the young man.

"Do you think your firm would feel *quite* satisfied?" he said, when they stood in the hall.

The man stammered his assurances and apologies, and the Count laughed.

"I've a good mind not to take the diamond now at all, just to annoy them."

The young man looked crestfallen.

"They might blame me, sir," he suggested.

The Count chuckled good-naturedly.

"Well, well, I'll take it, and let them have it back to-morrow or next day, otherwise I'll pay cash for it—if we keep it, you understand?"

"Yes, sir," and the young man handed over the diamond in a sealed box, which the Count slipped into his pocket.

Count Mordvinoff drove straight home.

"Would you like to see a particularly beautiful diamond, Inez?"

His wife looked up quickly.

"A diamond?"

(*Continued on page 188*)

Our Newest Portia

Photo] MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE [*Dover Street Studios*

Playing the famous rôle with Mr. Tree at His Majesty's in "The Merchant of Venice." The critics differed as to the quality of her performance at the beginning of the play's run, but there cannot now be two opinions as to the excellence of her playing of her part. We wish, however, she would learn that a reigning Princess would not kiss her lover's hand, nor would she curtsey to Jessica. It would also be no disadvantage if Mr. Tree could be encouraged to accelerate his speeches a little

(Continued from page 186)

The Count took the sealed packet from his pocket and opened it without undue haste, handing the diamond to the Countess without any comment.

"Orloff!" she exclaimed in astonishment, "where on earth did you get this lovely stone?"

"From Finck."

"You couldn't have bought it?"

"I have it on approval for you to see."

"Orloff, I don't understand."

The Count smiled.

"I sat up late last night," he remarked irrelevantly.

"You have hit upon a plan to raise the money?" she said, somewhat dubiously.

"I fancy so, if it works out as it should."

The woman hesitated a moment. She looked at her husband with half-awakened apprehension in her eyes.

"Orloff," she said, with some hesitation, "Orloff, you don't mean to——"

The Count laughed aloud.

"I don't mean to steal the stone? *No*, my dear Inez. Please give me credit for a little more imagination—and morality," he added, mockingly.

"It is a magnificent stone," said the Countess, handing him back the diamond. "I suppose you won't tell me what you mean to do with it?"

Count Mordvinoff shook his head, and smiled a suave smile.

"Wait a few days, my Inez, and I think—I only say *I think*—you will pay Major Mordaunt the money you owe him in full."

Two days later the Count presented himself at Finck's establishment. He appeared to be in high good humour, and nodded affably to the manager.

"The lady is delighted with the stone," he said, "and I want you to get me another just like it."

"That, sir, I fear, is almost impossible."

"Impossible, nonsense! You must try, you really must. She is so delighted with the diamond that nothing will please her but that she must have a pair set in this old design"—the Count produced a small sketch from his pocket-book. "I have kept the diamond in my safe, and you must move heaven and earth to match it."

The manager shook his head and looked dubious.

"You have a written record of the exact description, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir—yes—but, as I told you, it was the single stone that I could let you have for that price, the pair would be much more valuable. If I were *able* to match it, which is unlikely, *very* unlikely, we could not let you have the pair under eighteen thousand pounds."

The Count elevated his eyebrows; for a moment his permanent smile faded.

"I consider that a great deal too much," he remarked with some annoyance.

"It is the price which would undoubtedly be realised by a pair of such stones."

"We'll say sixteen thousand," he suggested.

"I will see what we can do, sir, to meet you in this matter, when we have found a match to the stone, which I fear is extremely doubtful."

"You *must* find one." The Count rose. "You were satisfied that I was known at the Embassy?" he laughed.

"Yes, indeed, Count. I apologise for having given you so much trouble. Now we know you, of course there will never be any further difficulty."

"I hope not indeed," replied the Count, with an injured air.

Finck, though decidedly dubious of any satisfactory results, promptly issued a circular letter to all the principal dealers in precious stones, giving full particulars of the diamond they wished to match. There was just a chance such a stone might be forthcoming, and Count Mordvinoff was obviously a customer worth obliging.

A few days later Count Mordvinoff entered Rattenborough's, the avuncular relative of the upper ten, with whom jewellery and other valuables may be lodged for a time, as security for the loan of a sum of ready money. The Count appeared worried and depressed. He produced several articles of jewellery and one or two unset stones, among them a large diamond. Explaining that he did not wish to sell the things, which were of great personal value, the Count named the sum he required, but finally accepted Mr. Rattenborough's offer, leaving the stones and jewellery in his keeping.

The following day Count Mordvinoff returned with a dejected mien and an "up-all-night" appearance.

"About those things I brought in yesterday," he said to one of Mr. Rattenborough's representatives.

"Yes, sir." The man was all polite attention.

"I find I *must* sell some. What could they offer for the diamond? I do not care to part with my own personal jewellery, and losses at Bridge last night make it imperative for me to raise a considerable sum at once."

The man went to fetch the things Count Mordvinoff had deposited the day before, and returned, examining the diamond.

"It is a fine stone," he remarked, in the peculiarly irritating tone a man assumes towards an object he has been requested to purchase, and for which he intends offering a sum considerably below its intrinsic value.

"Of course it's a fine stone," said the Count indignantly, "or I should not have bought it."

"It is, of course, too large to set in a ring, too small for a pendant. We have a great number of these single stones, but I would give you"—he glanced at the stone again—"four thousand."

"Four thousand?" echoed the Count. "I'll not sell it. That sum is absurd."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the man civilly, "if——" he broke suddenly off, leaving the sentence unfinished. "Excuse me one moment, Count Mordvinoff," and he disappeared with the stone into a private room. The Count heard voices, for the door was ajar. Some time elapsed. Presently Mr. Rattenborough's representative asked for a number on the telephone. "Are you Finck's?" The Count strained his ears to catch the one-sided conversation.

"I think I've got a match to that diamond you advertised for. It answers your description in every particular." . . . . "What?" . . . . "You are wanting it at once?" . . . . "What are you prepared to offer?"

This much the listener overheard. He chafed with annoyance at being unable to hear the reply. There was a quiet chuckle from the private room, and Mr. Rattenborough's representative returned to the Count.

(Continued on page 190)

In the Quaint Swiss Capital

Photo *Ballance*

A STREET IN OLD BERNE

Berne, though the centre of an ultra-modern Government, and one which has lately shown itself so very progressive as to prohibit altogether the manufacture of absinthe within its boundaries, is extremely ancient and picturesque in appearance. The above is characteristic of the architectural style. In all the principal streets, the houses form arcades. Statue-crested and decorated fountains abound. In fact, Berne is one of the quaintest and handsomest capitals in Europe, and figures of bears abound high and low

(*Continued from page 188*)

"How much?" he inquired laconically.

"Say seven thousand five hundred."

"I shall say nothing of the kind."

The man realised that the Count was not to be trifled with.

"What did you expect to get, if I may ask?"

"I intend to get eight thousand."

"Eight thousand!" Rattenborough's representative appeared distinctly dubious. He shook his head, and retired somewhat crestfallen to the private room.

There was a whispered colloquy, which the Count could not overhear. Finck was rung up again. The door of the private room was closed, and the Count waited with what patience he could command till the man returned to him.

"We will give you seven thousand five hundred pounds for the diamond," he said.

The Count picked up the stone and replaced it in its box.

"I am sorry we cannot do business," he said.

"You will not let us have it for that? It is a handsome offer."

"My price is eight thousand. I can sell the stone elsewhere."

"One moment, Count." The man hurried into the private room once more, and when he returned he held out his hand for the diamond. "We will give you the eight thousand pounds," he said.

Count Mordvinoff assumed an air of easy nonchalance.

"As you like," he remarked, handing the box over the counter. "I only make one stipulation, that I am paid *at once*, and *in cash*."

"Finck evidently intends the pair to fetch a big price," reflected the Count, and he smiled sardonically.

A messenger was despatched to the Bank while the Count waited, and the eight thousand pounds was paid in gold and notes.

Count Mordvinoff had kept his taxicab, and gave the chauffeur instructions to drive to Finck's in the City as fast as he could go.

Almost at the same moment a man from Rattenborough's, with the diamond in a sealed box, hailed another cab, and gave the chauffeur the same address.

Count Mordvinoff, watching intently, having lifted the small flap in the back of the cab, saw the man start, and noted that the car was a bright yellow one. He spoke to his driver, and offered him double fare to reach Finck's in record time.

The traffic was thick. The chauffeur dodged his car in and out like an animated eel. He passed everything, the yellow cab following hard on his track.

The Count watched feverishly through the little back aperture. He spoke to his chauffeur again.

"I must be at Finck's before that yellow taxi just behind us. I'll double your fare *again* if you get me there five minutes sooner."

The man nodded, looked round at the other chauffeur, and some sign must have passed between them, for the Count's taxi now pursued its rapid career alone, leaving the other cab far behind.

They reached Finck's at last.

The Count alighted, and strolled leisurely into the shop. The manager did not happen to be there at the moment. He walked to the counter, and said to one of the assistants:

"I want to pay for a diamond I had on approval—£6,000—you see?" He handed over a paper and a pile of notes and gold.

The man had not finished counting the money when the manager entered from the office behind the shop.

"I am glad to tell you, Count," he said, smiling urbanely, "that we have found you a match to your diamond."

"Now, that's unlucky," replied the Count, "for I don't want it after all. I have just paid the £6,000 agreed upon for the original stone. Our friend is counting the money at this moment, as you see."

The manager looked annoyed.

"I am expecting the other diamond here at any moment. I hope you will at least look at it, Count Mordvinoff?"

"Certainly, I would, but I have an appointment to keep. Is the money correct?"

"I have a hundred pounds yet to count, sir."

Mordvinoff consulted his watch.

"Be quick then."

At that moment a yellow taxicab stopped before Finck's shop. The man from Rattenborough's entered. He handed a sealed box to the manager.

"This is the diamond, sir, which answers to the exact description of the one you require."

"I'm very sorry to have given you the trouble of bringing it, for our client does not now require the pair."

"But it was not half an hour ago that you told our chief on the 'phone that you did want it."

"I know, I know; it's a strange coincidence—*most* strange, but the gentleman has just this moment told us he does not require the pair, and has paid for the single diamond."

"Is that money correct?" inquired the Count.

"Quite correct, sir, thank you," replied the assistant, handing over the receipt.

The young man from Rattenborough's turned sharply at the sound of the Count's voice.

"Will you not look at the other diamond?" said the manager.

"Thanks, I think not," and he buttoned up his fur coat.

The man from Rattenborough's gasped.

"Why, it was this gentleman who sold us the stone," he cried in amazement.

"Which I purchased from Messrs. Finck, and for which I hold a receipt," said the Count suavely, and with a friendly nod to the manager he left the shop.

. . . . . .

Half an hour later he walked into his wife's boudoir. She was sitting with an open letter in her hand, and her face was full of trouble.

Without a word he threw a packet of bank-notes into her lap. The Countess gasped with astonishment.

"Orloff!" she exclaimed, with an excited ring in her usually calm voice, "you have got the money?"

"Yes, my Inez, it is there."

"Orloff, you are wonderful! Where is that diamond you showed me the other day?" she said, a swift fear sweeping across her mind.

"Returned to Finck's," the Count said coolly. "It is merely a matter of a mathematical mind, my dear."

Inez threw the letter she held into the fire.

"You are wonderful, Orloff!" she repeated.

MAY CREAGH-HENRY.

Tired of the Peerage?

Photo *Bassano*

LADY DE CLIFFORD. WHO, IT IS RUMOURED IS RETURNING TO THE STAGE

Two years ago the romance of the season was the marriage of Lord de Clifford and Miss Eva Carrington, who was playing in "The Catch of the Season" at the Vaudeville. It is now rumoured, however, that Lady de Clifford wishes to return to the stage, and there is a probability that she may again be seen in a London production before many weeks have passed

The LIBRARY.

By VIVIAN CARTER

THE GRANDEUR OF BEING A BOSWELL

A writer in the *New York American* has divested himself of the thought that "no avocation in the world is such an unremitting labour at that of making the fame of others." When one looks back, however, "making the fame of others" has proved about as sure a way of making the fame—even the immortality—of oneself as anything else. "Boswells," we term these "unremitting" ones. Will not Boswell live as long as—and possibly longer than—Johnson himself? One is asked if one has read "Boswell"—the name of "Johnson" is implied and not mentioned. If the Doctor himself survives, it is rather by his own "unremitting" labour as a maker of the fame of others than as the conscious creator of original ideas.

* * *

I tremble to contemplate the number of immortals who are famous chiefly by their virtues as "makers of the fame of others." Homer and Virgil alike laid themselves out on the exploits of supposedly actual individuals; in fact, on poetic biography. In writing the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid, they were but "making the fame of others." How many of the ancients we now so revere were but writers of "lives," who had no forethought of their own immortality. Or, to come down to modern times, original as was his style, Carlyle was an indefatigable biographer, though I am bound to say one does not much bother to-day to read his *Frederick the Great* and his *Oliver Cromwell*. Ruskin chose the biography of painters as the vehicle of his own artistic theories.

* * *

From present appearances, there seems no likelihood of a falling off in biographical energies. Of late, these have been inexhaustible. I don't like to attempt the task of remembering how many books of biography of all sorts and kinds have passed my hands in the near past. The fact is enough for me that I see, on the shelves before me now, recent volumes devoted to such diverse personages as Beau Brummell, Beau Nash, Mme. de Stäel, George Sand, Mary Stuart, Burghley, Albert Pell, Luther, and Alexander Hamilton.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Malmesbury

Who has come forward as a literary champion of the Unionist cause in "The New Order" (Francis Griffiths), a collection of essays by young Tories, of which his lordship has contributed the first, "Unionist Philosophy"

The trouble is not the glut of biographies, but the fact that too often are such works rolled out by writers who lack both knowledge of the person whose fame they seek to make and enthusiasm for the cause he represented. Dozens of modern biographies are merely "written up." For instance, Mr. Filson Young's wondrous attempt on the life of Christopher Columbus—the longest of the most elaborate compilation of nothings I have ever seen. Publishers seem to keep by them a list of "people who ought to be written about," and, provided the person selected to write about them can write, it seems to matter but little how he is otherwise fitted for his task. Not long ago, a worthy publisher of my acquaintance offered me, quite seriously, the task of writing the biography of a famous but rather neglected historical personage. The fact that I knew absolutely nothing but the bare historical facts about the personage in question, whom I regarded with the most profound indifference, did not seem in the least to have been a disqualification! The idea in the publishing mind that if a man can write he can write anything, is one of the most fertile causes of the decadence and artificiality of latter-day literature.

* * *

Mrs. Alec Tweedie has written a history of Hyde Park (Eveleigh Nash). I cannot but respect her courage in attempting so seemingly hopeless a task. True, if it possesses palatial adjuncts, statues, terraces, fountains, etc. etc., such as Versailles, Potsdam, Hampton Court, you can think of a park in an historical sense. But a park, just a plain park, with paths and trees and palings, and flower-beds, bandstands, and twopence-a-time green garden chairs—how, in the name of heaven, can such a place have a history? I don't deny that interesting things have happened in Hyde Park. Tyburn was once there, and, to see the hangings, people were drawn from all quarters. A battle between Cavaliers and Roundheads was once fought there. It was a plague camping ground, a resort of the *beau monde* of centuries. By

reading Mrs. Tweedie's book it is easy enough to realise that the place has had a past—of a more or less disreputable nature. But even her delightful pen, overflowing as it is with the grace and pleasantry of reminiscence and anecdote, cannot make Hyde Park historical in my eyes. "Hyde Park," says Mrs. Tweedie, "what a world of memories is suggested by the name." This I deny. It does not suggest any memories at all. Why, there's not a thing within its whole 360 acres that recalls one historical episode. They've taken away Tyburn, and put up a Marble Arch. They've taken away the Old Lodge, and the Ring, with their gay traditions, and they've taken away the Crystal Palace. What Hyde Park retains is not historically worth twopence. Rotten Row, as Mrs. Tweedie reminds us, is merely the Georgian "Route du Roi," with little enough tradition to it. Hyde Park has no statue of antiquity or beauty; it has no tree or clump of trees that anybody would want to spare for the sake of associations. Even Kensington Gardens, with its Albert Memorial and its Palace, is more distinctive than Hyde Park. I am sorry Mrs. Tweedie has written this book, interesting and enjoyable though it certainly is. On Spring afternoons I shall now go to the Park only to grieve—to weep over the memories it does not recall, of the traditions it does not retain, of the history it has never nourished.

* * *

Politics are so very much in the air this week, with a miniature General Election in progress, that a glance is deserved by a book compiled by the Earl of Malmesbury, entitled *The New Order: Studies in Unionist Policy* (Francis Griffiths). This is a series of essays by various well-known Unionist writers in which is set forth the new Unionist attitude towards various questions.

* * *

Interesting and well written as these are, I cannot detect in the bulk of the essays any freshness of idea. Unionists are called back to their old loyalties rather than spurred on to new ones. We are enjoined by the various writers to bless the Constitution, the House of Lords, and the Union, the Army and Navy, the Empire, and property, etc., etc., on the supposition that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. The essays on "Home Industries" and "Labour" do, it is true, breathe a sort of mildly democratic spirit, and Free Trade is carefully attacked, but there is no "devil" in the Unionism of the young men of Lord Malmesbury's new order. Even Lord Winterton defends the House of Lords in a somewhat ponderous "House of Commons" literary manner.

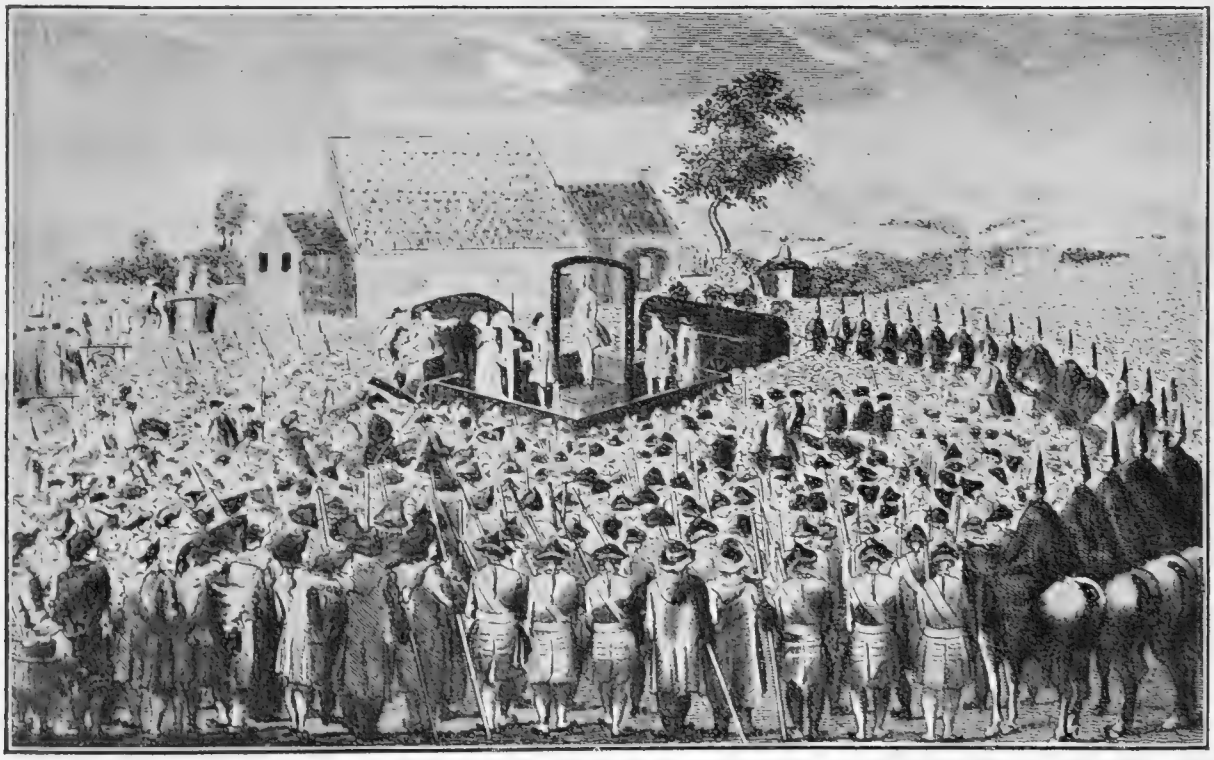
* * *

It must be fairly obvious that if the Unionists are going to win home at the General Election, they must be a great deal more infernal in their tactics. Lord Malmesbury in his preface appeals for a "Unionist philosophy." Personally, I should have thought Toryism had better need of the services of an Alexander than a Diogenes. If the Gordian knot of Liberalism is to be cut, it must be by the sword, not by sophistry. However, there is no need to despair, with such fierce spirits abroad as the editors and staffs of the *Morning Post*, the *Observer*, the *Outlook*, and the *National Review*, who are doing as much as can well be done in literature to rally the people to the flag of Tory Democracy.

* * *

The L.C.C. Education Committee has, I learn, decided to be unsuitable as prizes for school students under sixteen such books as "Middlemarch," "Don Quixote," "Jane Eyre," "Romola," "Vivian Grey," and "Vanity Fair." I weep no tears, and foam no froth. It is very, very important that the authorities should take every step in their power to protect the youth of the nation from the dangers of boredom.

V. C.



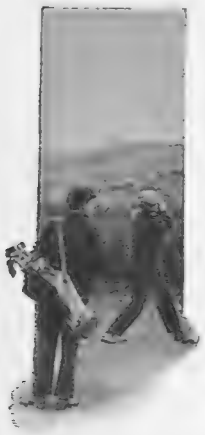
WHEN HYDE PARK WAS REALLY SMART

The execution at Tyburn of Earl Ferrers before a large and fashionable audience. Note the "grand stand" at the back

(By kind permission of Mr. Eveleigh Nash, from "Hyde Park: Its History and Romance," by Mrs. Alec Tweedie)

Golf Notes and Notions

Mr. J. D. Read
Who lost to Mr. H. Gawith



Mr. H. E. G. Dunbar
Who won his match, bunkered at the first hole

Mr. A. B. Croft
Another successful member of the Stock Exchange team

The Popular Foursome

The foursome has become so popular now that there is a possible danger of a reaction against it. I trust that this may not happen, for it is undoubtedly the best form of the game for educating players in all the qualities of the game that go to the making of good golfers. Much credit is due to the St. George's Club for maintaining their Sidgwick Cup Competition every Eastertide. Their action in doing this, and the encouragement due to the foursome matches fostered by the Golf Match Club ever since its inception some eleven years ago, were the main factors in keeping foursome play alive during the dark days of its neglect in the South. Just as an eminent politician exclaimed, "Oh, we are all Socialists now," so golfers may say, "We are all foursomists now"; but I can remember a time, not so very long ago, when the proposal of a foursome was rejected as a sort of insult.

Two Interesting Competitions

Two outstanding foursome competitions have just been brought to a close, viz., the London Amateur Foursomes and the London Professional Foursomes. In the final of the former, Ashford Manor, represented by Messrs. H. W. Beveridge and D. Stanley Froy, beat Mid-Surrey, in the persons of Messrs. S. H. Fry and J. S. Worthington, by 2 and 1. The match was played at Sunningdale, and Mid-Surrey were undoubted favourites. At the end of the morning round Mid-Surrey were four up, and things looked queer for Ashford Manor. In the afternoon, however, Messrs. Beveridge and Froy pulled out a game which could not be withstood, and although Messrs. Fry and Worthington played just as well as in the morning, they had to taste defeat to the tune of 2 and 1 to play. The winners deserve great credit, for throughout the competition, in all their matches, they had to play an up-hill game. They evidently are good finishers and stout-hearted men when things are going against them, eminently desirable characteristics for match players. Messrs. Fry and Worthington, in one of their matches, that against Burhill, had to go to the fortieth hole before they could claim a win. After this narrow squeak they must have thought themselves marked out for final success. Perhaps another year may bring them consolation. They are a strong combination, and, with both partners on their game, should take a lot of beating. Possibly Mid-Surrey, with its beautiful lies, is not the best training for rougher courses.

The Professional Foursomes

The Professional Foursome competition, unluckily, could not be played out. There should have been a magnificent tussle between the finalists, viz., Duncan and Mayo, and White and Sayers, jun., but, unfortunately, White's health broke down, and his side were forced to scratch, a similar result to that of last year. Duncan and Mayo, like good sportsmen, wanted to postpone the match pending White's recovery, but the conditions of the tournament did not admit of this being done. However, I fancy the two sides will meet for a small stake later on, so as to settle their rivalry in friendly fashion. It will be a match worth seeing whenever it does come off.

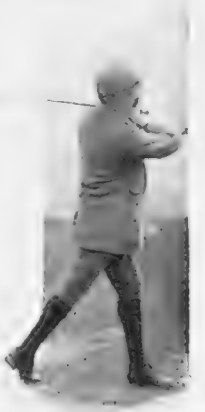
Stock Exchange Golf

Teams of ten aside, representing the flourishing societies of the Stock Exchange and the Chartered Surveyors, met at Sunningdale on the 1st inst., and fought a drawn battle, each side winning five matches. Those old partners, Messrs. Fry and Worthington, had a duel, in which Mr. Fry came out on top. My art editor has immortalised some of the players in this match. By-the-by, what a hot team the Stock Exchange could put up if they gathered their best players together. Happily for other Societies, the exigencies of the House and the Market do not often admit of such a gathering of the talents.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Mr. Sidney H. Fry
The leading player of the Stock Exchange side

Mr. W. D. C. Munsie
Bunkered, going to the eighth green



Mr. A. J. Ayden
The Beckenham golfer, beaten by Mr. Cuthbert Smith

Photos *Dixon*

SIX PROMINENT STOCK EXCHANGE GOLFERS

Who played in the recent match at Sunningdale Heath against the Chartered Surveyors' team, which ended in a halved match, each side scoring five points

Three Golfing Sisters

3 Pkt

MISS MAY HEZLET BEATS HER SISTERS AND AGAIN BECOMES IRISH CHAMPION

Photos

Miss Violet Hezlet, who was defeated in the semi-final by her sister Florence

Photo *Sport and General*

MISS MAY HEZLET, THE WINNER OF THE IRISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE FIFTH TIME

Especial interest was attached to this year's Irish Ladies' Golf Championship, played at Portrush last week, for the most prominent players were the Misses Hezlet. The penultimate round was quite a family affair, the four players being Miss May Hezlet, who defeated Miss M. E. Stuart, and Miss Florence Hezlet, who beat Miss Violet Hezlet. In the final, Miss May Hezlet beat her sister Florence by 5 up and 4 to play. This makes Miss May Hezlet's fifth Irish Championship, while she is also the English Lady Champion, an honour which she won besides in 1899 and 1902

Dixon

Miss Florence Hezlet, beaten in the final by her sister May

GAMES AND PASTIMES

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Clubs

In English club football, which I propose to review briefly this week, the West of England can probably claim to have the strongest array of clubs; but to attempt to survey the whole of club football within my allotted space would only be to court failure, and I must confine myself mainly to London and the South, where, putting the 'Varsities aside for the time being, the situation has been largely dominated by the London Scottish, the Harlequins, the United Services, and the two crack hospital teams, London and Guy's. All these, when at full strength, have proved themselves well above the average, and their powess has done much towards restoring the prestige of Southern club football, the standard of which has of late years been deplorably poor. A noteworthy feature of the season has been the failure of Blackheath and Richmond to live up to their great reputations. Of course, a historic name is a valuable asset, but directly the question whether So-and-So is good enough to be asked to play for Blackheath or Richmond comes to be superseded by the very different question whether Blackheath or Richmond is a good enough club to play for, the situation begins to be rather a serious one for Blackheath and Richmond, whose eminence is, after all, only due to the fact that they have been able in the past to mop up the best available talent. As soon as they begin to go down, the recruiting business becomes increasingly difficult, and I should not be at all surprised to find that both Richmond and Blackheath are in for a regular spell of lean years, which they will find it hard to break, while conversely the Harlequins look like becoming, if they have not already become, the fashionable club. There are at the present time several teams not regarded as "first-class" which could give clubs like the Scottish or the Harlequins quite as good a game as Richmond or Blackheath, and would stand more than an outside chance of beating either of the two last-named if they could get at them. But, owing to the practice which obtains in club football of sticking year after year to the same fixture-list, it is very difficult for a team outside the magic circle of the so-called first-class to enter it, while those inside it, however bad they may be, stay there by virtue of a sort of prescriptive right, based on the immutability of their fixture-list.

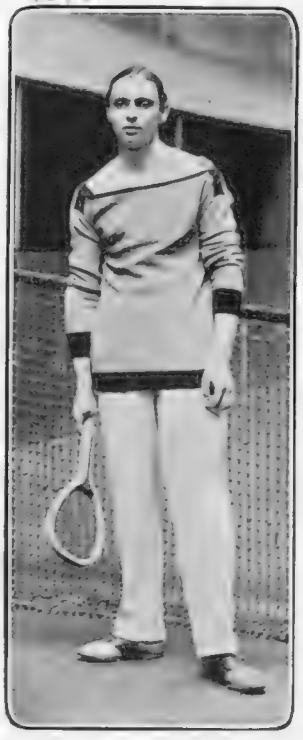


Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Again International Tennis Champion!

Jay Gould, who, for the second year in succession, has been successful in beating Eustace Miles in the International Amateur Tennis Championship. He was victorious at New York on Saturday week by 3 sets to 1

STICKÉ: THE NEW GAME

Lawn Tennis Cum Squash Rackets

I make no excuse for devoting so much space to a description of the new game of Stické, for I think it is a subject which will interest all my readers.

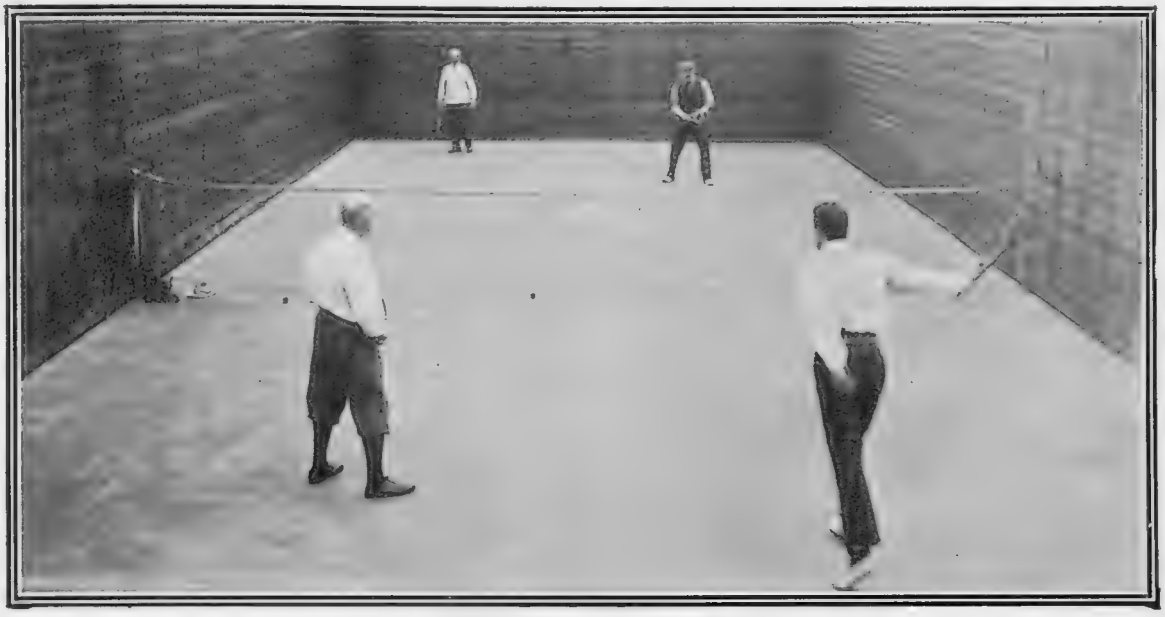
The game of stické, is a sort of mixture of squash rackets and lawn tennis. It is played over a lawn-tennis net, but there are side walls and back walls, and the scoring is that of squash rackets or rackets, by single points up to fifteen. The court has a granolithic floor. In the court on which I have played the walls are of pitch-pine, the planks being laid vertically. The size of the court is that of a lawn-tennis court within the single lines. The walls are about 9ft. high, and should be supplemented above this with netting. The court is open to the air above.

How It Is Played

The ball used for the game is on the model of a lawn-tennis ball, but only about two-thirds the size, and a black cover is found to be the best. A light lawn-tennis racket, of twelve to thirteen ounces, serves as the weapon. The server, as in rackets, has a square marked out for him on each side of his court, one square being placed in each of the four extreme corners of the court. Above the net, and at about the extreme height of the walls, is stretched a tape. The service must go over this, and pitch behind a line which corresponds roughly with the service line in lawn tennis, not in front of it as in that game, and must also fall, as in lawn tennis, in the section of the prescribed area allotted to the opponent, who is in a diagonal line with the server. After scoring a point, the server moves across to the other side of his own court to serve again, and so on. There are two "hands" in each service, and when both players on one side have been put out by losing a point on their service, the service passes into the hands of the other side. Stické, it will be seen, has all the elements of an excellent fast game, and that is what it is. With the assistance of the side and back walls, practically no ball is out of reach, and this constitutes one of its greatest points of difference from lawn tennis. Stické is played in several garrison towns, and, I believe, in India. The illustrations here reproduced were taken on a private court at Esher. The cost of a well-constructed court would be from £90 to £150.

Stické

THE EVOLUTION OF A NEW GAME FROM LAWN TENNIS AND SQUASH RACKETS



A Low Volley from the Gallery End

Taking a Hot Shot off the Back Wall

In Position for the Service

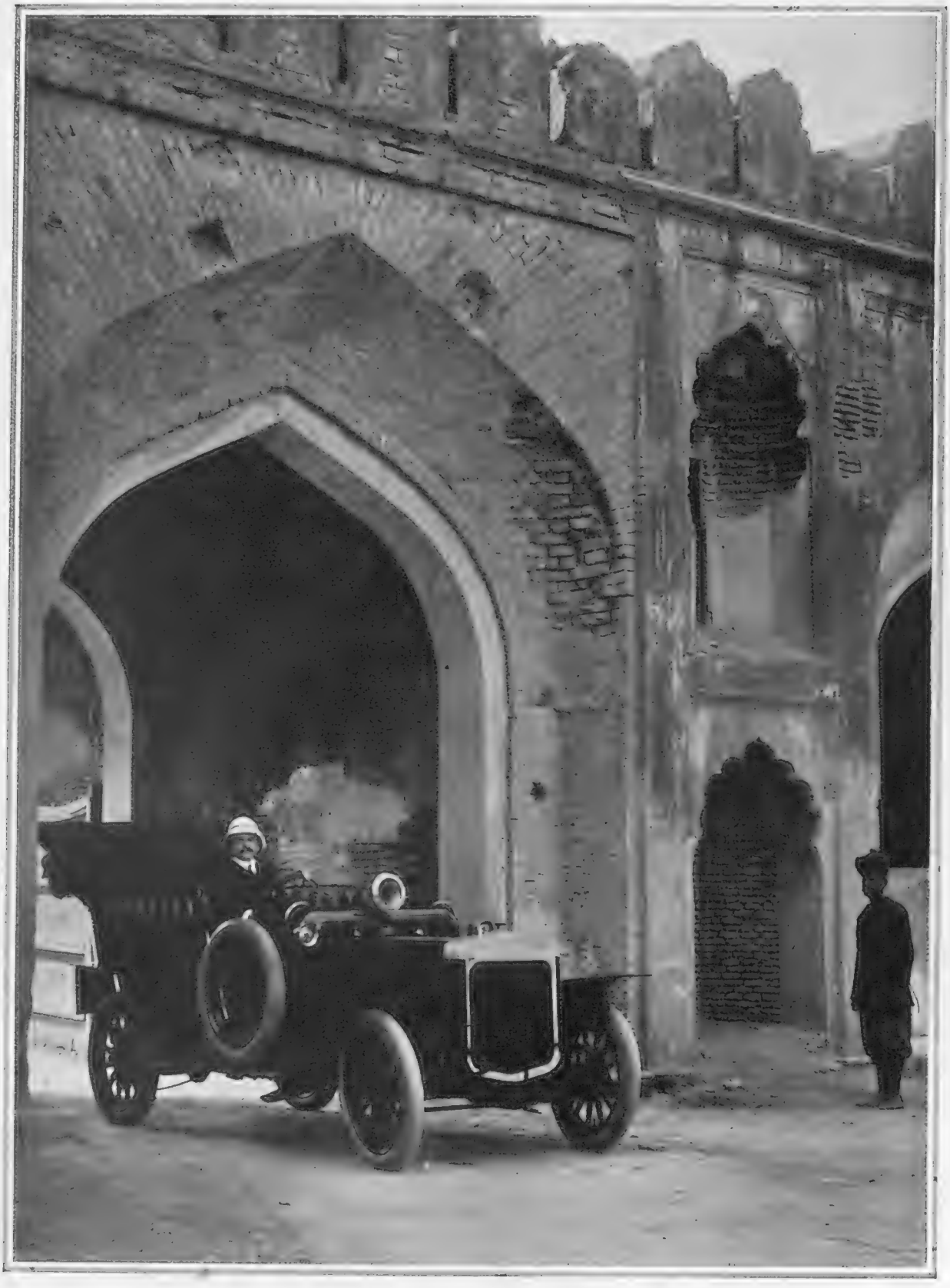
Photo

A Youthful Player Taking a Return

The game of stické is a sort of combination of lawn tennis and squash rackets, being played over a lawn-tennis net on a hard court with back and side walls. Light lawn-tennis rackets and a small black-covered ball, on the lines of a lawn-tennis ball, are used. The service must go above the tape shown in numbers 1 and 4, and the scoring is by single points up to fifteen. The game is played at several garrison towns, but the court here illustrated is a private one at Esher

The Ubiquitous Car

AN EMBLEM OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY ON A SPOT OF TRAGIC MEMORY



AN UP-TO-DATE CAR PASSING THROUGH THE KASHMIR GATE OF DELHI

It was on this spot that one of the scenes which will ever live in the world's history took place just over fifty years ago, when, during the Mutiny, General Nicholson finally succeeded in forcing his way into Delhi through the Kashmir Gate, within a few yards of which the gallant soldier himself fell, mortally wounded. The city, so long the great capital of the Mogul Empire, is now again a busy commercial, industrial, and railway centre, and the most up-to-date examples of Western activity, like the Daimler car seen above, are now no longer rarities in its streets

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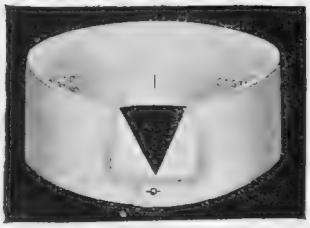

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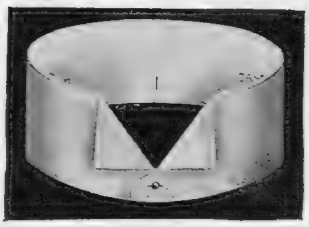

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Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

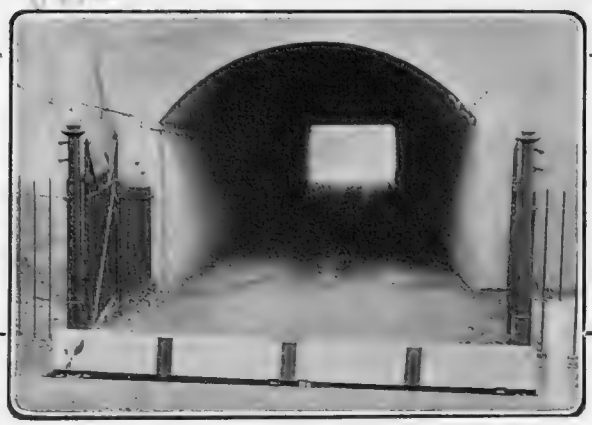


Photo *Dixon*

A Warning to Scorchers

The new trip gate at Brooklands, to pull up scorchers abruptly

Last week a specially invited body of journalists went down to Birmingham to see over the Lorraine de Dietrich new English works. About the middle of last year, realising the importance of the English market, the Société Lorraine de Dietrich in France arranged with a few friends in England to form a company for the purpose of purchasing a factory and manufacturing the well-known de Dietrich cars in this country. Immediately £100,000 was privately subscribed, partly by the French Company and partly by a few of their friends on this side. They then proceeded to look out for a factory, and, realising the importance of Birmingham as a manufacturing centre, bought the Ariel Works, with its machinery and freehold land, and at once started to put up more buildings. Although the designs were not passed until late in the year, the first car was tested and put on the road for the Olympia Exhibition, while, to show that no time has been lost, the output is now three cars per week, and it is hoped, in the very near future, to increase this to six. The number of men employed at the present time is between three and four hundred. As is already known, the firm of de Dietrich was established in 1864, and not only are they manufacturers of automobiles, but are the largest makers of railway rolling-stock in France.

It is the aim and object of the de Dietrich Company to establish factories in every country, as they realise that people have a preference for cars manufactured in their own particular country; therefore, with this end in view, they have established the Birmingham factory, in order to meet the demands of the English market.

The considerable increase in the output of the Société Lorraine, resulting from the opening up of all its various works, has a result that the aggregate of its general expenses is divided over a much greater number of vehicles. The price of each is, therefore, correspondingly reduced. Moreover, the division of work over several departments enables each establishment to be set apart for the manufacture of one or two types only.

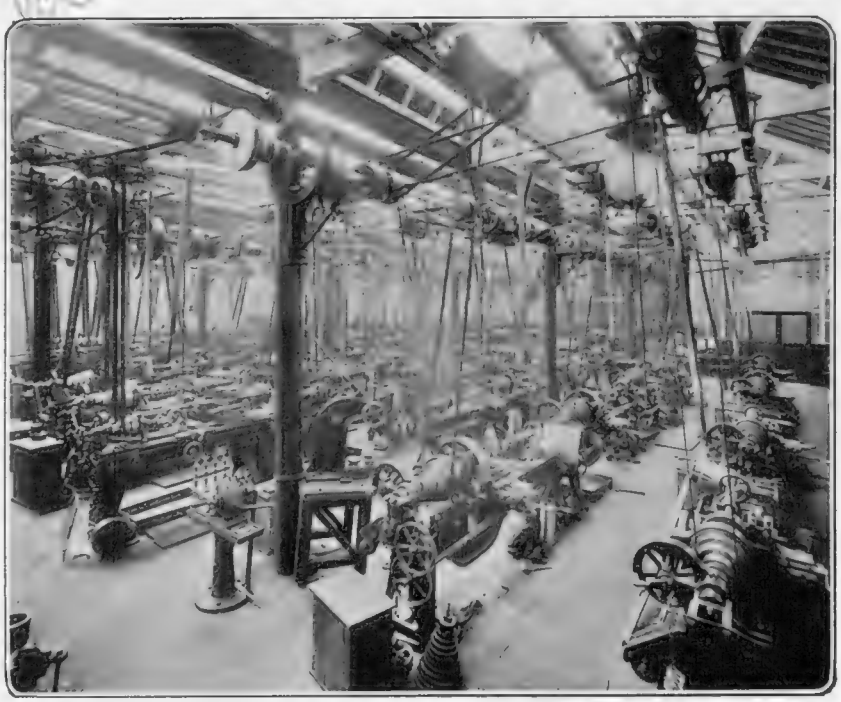
These are the various factors which enable the Société Lorraine this year to produce vehicles more perfect as regards construction and of the best material which the progress of metallurgy places at its services, and at prices much lower than those of the preceding years.

* * *

Preparations for the Motoring Grand Prix

The Grand Prix de l'Automobile Club de France is, of course, the most signal automobile contest of the motoring year now that the Gordon Bennett race is no longer contested. It will be remembered that the

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT.—For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone: No. 4452 London Wall.



General View of the Machine Shop of the Lorraine de Dietrich New Works, Birmingham

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No Noise. No Smell. No Vibration.

The reliability of this Car is proverbial, and the reputation for constant running is built upon the firm foundation of official tests.

Send for full particulars, and at the same time arrange for a trial run.

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Itala, Bayard, Porthos, Motobloc, and Austin cars entered for this race are to be fitted with Dunlop detachable rims and tyres, and during last week Cagno, the best-known of the team driving the three Italas, has been exhausting his ingenuity on attempts to find a weak point in the rim. At full racing speed he drove repeatedly round the course, taking his corners in the most reckless manner conceivable, doing his utmost to wrench the rims—with the tyres—from the wheels.

A 50 h.-p. Six-Cylinder Thames Car

Supplied to Mr. Dunkerley, of Wargrave. It is fitted with a cape cart hood and double glass screen. One exceptional feature is the manner in which the frame is covered in with a painted screen extending from body to platforms

Again, he deflated both rear tyres, and drove round the course at never less than sixty miles per hour, slewing round the bends as before. Next, deriding the protests of the motorists and journalists assembled to watch the tests, he unlocked the rims of a front and a rear wheel, and took another extended speed run. But all to no purpose. The rims remained in place as firmly as ever, were not strained or damaged in any way, and when the lever was used they were removed from the wheels with the same childish ease as before. Cagno was delighted with his new accessories—declared them unapproachable for ease of attachment or removal, for security of tenure of their place, and for absence of injury to the tyre. Their triumphant issue from so strenuous a trial has been the subject of much comment; and *ces merveilleuses jantes amovibles Dunlop* are the topic of motoring chatter all over Europe to-day.

* * *

The Royal Automobile Club has sent a cheque for £100 to Rolls-Royce, Ltd., being a return of the deposit made with the Club in connection with the £1,000 challenge issued by the Company for a 15,000 miles' test of regularity, efficiency, economy, and endurance. The challenge, as will be remembered, applied to some thirteen six-cylinder cars and ten four-cylinder cars coming within Class 9 of the R.A.C. standards.

* * *

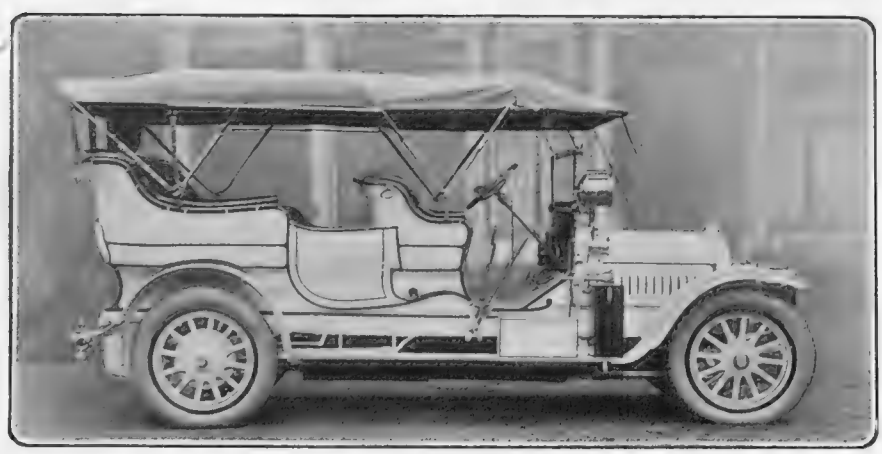
No manufacturer or agent has picked up the gauntlet thrown down by Rolls-Royce, Ltd., on March 6 last. Their assertion that the Rolls-Royce is the most efficient, reliable, durable, and economical car of its class in the world is, therefore, incontrovertible, and the "Silver Ghost" record of 14,371 miles non-stop, with a cost of 42*s.* 6*d.* for renewals at the end, therefore stands unrivalled in the annals of motoring.

* * *

Kempshall tyres are doing remarkably well, and although they have only been established a short time, heaps of people are going in for their tyres. A friend of mine, who had had some nasty side-slips, fixed two Kempshalls to his back tyres, and found them absolutely skid-proof; only the front wheels skidded since the back ones refused. However, he has now Kempshalls on the front wheels, and is quite happy. Another user of Kempshall tyres writes: "The present tyres have been over stones, frozen snow, ice, slushy mud, and up a mountain over 6,000ft. high without looking as if they had ever been used." The Kempshall Tyre Company, of 1, Trafalgar Buildings, W.C., will send their new booklet, on receipt of a postcard. It tells of the wonderful durability and other matters of interest to car owners. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionnaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.



Bound for Portugal: 30-40 h.-p. Ariel Double Phaeton

This car, which has been supplied to Senor de Fonseca Cruz, of Lisbon, is fitted with a special double phaeton body, finished in white and picked out in red

Miscellanea

Among orders received during the last few days for 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Brooke cars is one for a landaulette, with special internal fittings, for the Hon. W. E. Guinness, M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds, also a chassis for Herr Claes. G. Norstrom, of Stockholm, with the proviso that the chassis has to be driven from the Hook of Holland overland on delivery.

The latest craze of Society is to learn Motoring at TREVOR'S, 162, Great Portland Street, W., where unlimited lessons in driving are given on four and six-cylinder cars. Their Prospectus will be gladly sent on application.

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THE QUIETEST CAR.

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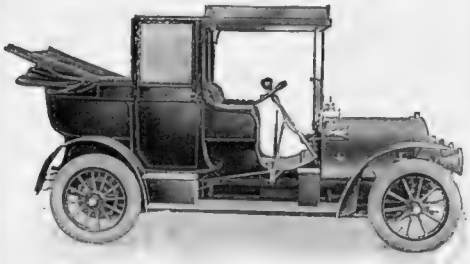

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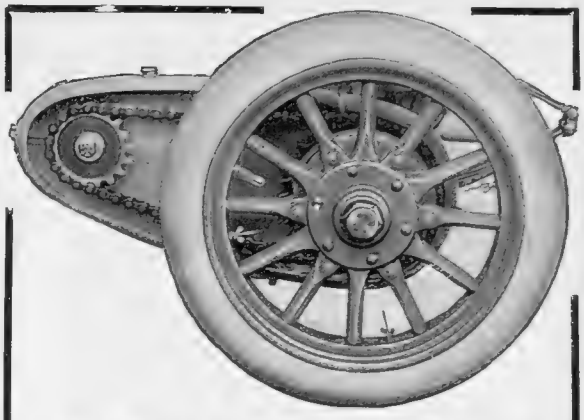

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RACING NOTIONS

EPSOM PROSPECTS. By CARBINE

Racing at Epsom

Have we become so spoilt by the luxuries that Sandown, Kempton, Newbury, and similar meetings give us that we don't like "roughing it" at the places where one cannot get the same comforts? The question presents itself to me because of the near approach of the Epsom Spring Meeting, where, on the City and Suburban day, we are sure to hear the same old complaints of extortionate charges for wretched accommodation, complaints which will be intensified many times on the day of the Derby at the summer reunion. Racing at Epsom is decidedly not an inexpensive amusement. Take the case of a man who, on a big day, pays his sovereign for entrance to the Grand Stand. Previously the change out of half a sovereign, after paying for his railway fare to the Downs, has only left him with enough to purchase a race-card, his BYSTANDER, and a few sporting papers. In all probability he will be dissatisfied with the accommodation of the Grand Stand when he gets inside, and will be tempted to pay another pound for the right of using the special enclosure, where, truth to tell, his position for seeing the racing will not be greatly improved. Then he will want to go in the paddock—another half a sovereign—while his luncheon, with a modest whisky and Apollinaris, will absorb yet another ten shillings. So here we are with bare expenses totalling £3 10s.—no little amount to get back from the kind bookmakers when one is only betting "small."

Fascinations of the Meeting

But so great are the fascinations of Epsom that the average racegoer never misses the meeting. He is generally there with the rest of the elbowing, tip-toeing, perspiring crowd for the "City and Sub." while he would go without food for a day and night rather than miss seeing the Derby. So long as folk can be found eager in this way to pack the rings at every Epsom meeting, willing (if not cheerfully) to pay the charges I have alluded to, can we expect anything different from those in authority? Not likely. They know the great strength of their position, and if visitors grumble at the lack of accommodation, they can tell them of a simple remedy obvious and open to all, knowing full well that few would adopt that remedy. Our sporting grandfathers might have been satisfied with the "grand stands," but we say they are not stands in the real sense of the word, as, excepting from the roof (the exits here are dreadfully dangerous), the public has only a grass slope from which to view the races. Naturally, the modern racegoer compares what he gets at Epsom with what he gets at other meetings for less money, and his comparison is not flattering to Epsom.

The Great Metropolitan

Well, well, grumble or not, I suppose we shall all be on the Surrey Downs next week, starting away from Town each day with the fervent hope of finding the winner of the Great Metropolitan or "the City." The former will be run, as usual, on the Tuesday, and maybe another Father Blind at 20 to 1 will be waiting for poor backers. We will be optimistic, however, and trust that general anticipations will not be demolished in this way. Going through the handicap it seems to me to be quite likely that Father Blind will make a bold show again, for he is very fit, and can, of course, be relied upon to get the full distance. Pure Gem was known to be smart last season, and it would be unwise to ignore him if those associated with his stable were to move in his favour on the day of the race. Lord Derby has a dangerous pair in Burscough and Glacis, while Wise Mason, Asticot, Indiana will, no doubt, have their share of friends. But, writing some time in advance of the race, the most genuine candidate in my opinion is **Father Blind**, who may follow in the steps of Tissaphernes and King's Messenger by winning this famous long-distance race in two successive years. On the same day **Retrenchment** may take the Great Surrey Handicap.

Newmarket Events

At the moment of writing, there is a disposition to make Oakleigh II. or Desmond's Pride favourite for the City and Suburban, but there are others with sound credentials, and I shall not make a selection until our next issue. During the present week there will be racing at Newmarket, where the Babraham Plate on Thursday may be won by **Pillo**. Several classic candidates, including the much-discussed **Perrier**, are engaged for the Craven Stakes on Friday, and the King's colt should win. In his absence his stable-companion, **Lucus**, may score.

A Long-Needed Annual

An annual of which the need has long been felt has now made its appearance under the title "The Sporting and Athletic Register" (Chapman and Hall: 5s. net). We have our "Ruff's Guide," our "Golf Year Book," our "Wisden's Almanack," and our "Lawn Tennis Annual," but without wishing to do without these old friends, it is, nevertheless, of the highest value to the sportsman to have the gist of each of these, besides much extraneous information, all within the covers of one volume. This exhaustive survey, which also contains numberless tables of records and lists of previous winners, ranges over a field from archery, athletics, badminton, baseball, and billiards to swimming, trotting, water polo, wrestling, and yachting. In a special section of over 200 pages is devoted attention to racing, steeplechasing, and hunting. This year's issue is the first, but we look forward to the "Sporting and Athletic Register" becoming a hardy annual,

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

The effect that political economy has on modistic economy is just now being made very apparent. Shares are sliding up and down in a most erratic manner, and are influencing shopping centres rather seriously. It is not the establishments that can stand long credit that are suffering so much—payment in the future does not get on the nerves—but rather those that lay themselves out for small profits and quick returns, that is, in a comparative degree.

Hairdressers, among others, are not at all pleased with the world just now, and the small economies that are being practised in their regard. And yet this seems difficult to believe when one recalls the serried rows of wonderful *coiffures* to be seen night after night at the theatres. On the other hand, the present poise of hats and toques do not tend to encourage a serious elaboration of *coiffure*. Happily, however, the hideous backward hang has at last been finally relegated to the class who at present affect a costume comprising an exceedingly short skirt allied to a proportionately long coat, slit up the back to the waist, surmounted by the most appalling thing in *cloche* hats, plastered flat on the back of the head.

Paquin, Dover Street

After which small tirade, let me conduct you to the Maison Paquin, an establishment into which I sallied the other day in quest of *le dernier cri* in hats. Do they ever, I wonder, have breathing space at Paquin's? No matter what hour of the day one goes, things are always buzzing there, a fact recently testified to in a royal dividend return for the year. Paquin is unquestionably the vogue of the hour for Court confections, and they are, at the same time, among the strident advocates for the clinging classical type of gown alike for day and evening wear. Their millinery is, frankly, not comparable with any other: it is Paquin, and, consequently, unique.

Of the three exclusive models sketched, the one calculated initially to arrest the eye is of Saxe blue straw, in the new canvas or basket plait, on which is piled to a mountainous height light masses of champagne tulle of a pinkish tone, and two magnificent roses, the one a strong, deepish yellow, and the other pink, shading to a deep centre, nestling in the folds at the one side just sufficiently far back to escape the sweep of brim in front. A colour scheme of equally admirable virtue is afforded in the narrow hat with high crown brim of grey crinoline, the crown enclosed almost its full depth by a Royal blue velvet ribbon, to which are toned three magnificent feathers, disposed in most artful and artistic manner.

Dark blue *tagal* is responsible for the third and last example, which is more or less a toque persuasion. The sole decorative relief is afforded by a perfectly gorgeous wing mount, in an indescribable blend of yellows, greys, blues, and black.

Photo *Manuel*

A Smart Navy Serge Costume

This Parisian creation of Alice Blums' is worked in fine black braid. The vest is of Saxe blue tussore, the edges being outlined with black and gold *galon*

The Economies of Guimpes and Gilets

The advent of both these toilette adjuncts has already been announced in these columns. But even those of us who were in a position to predict their coming did not for a moment surmise the splendid enterprise with regard to them that has come about. Two great West-End houses stand in close rivalry with their lavish display of both guimpes and *gilets*, and are disposed to follow very closely, with regard to the latter, the edict of pin-tucked net. Sometimes there is a tiny cross-over fold of lace, but the correct thing is to keep these as plain and filmy as possible. It is quite the exception to find a guimpe terminating above the figure-line, the unceasing demand for sleevelets, *en suite*, demand-

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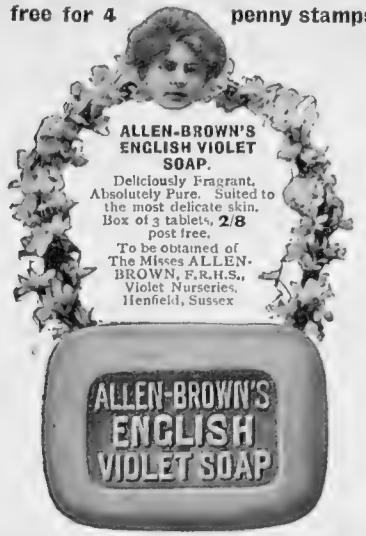

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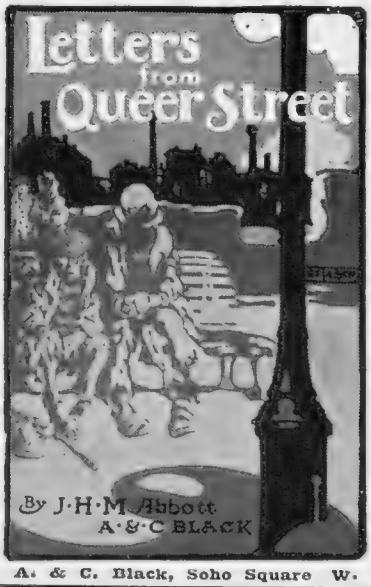

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P 2

The Bystander, April 22, 1908

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 229.—Vol. XVIII. Wednesday, April 22, 1908

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS

HAMPTON & SONS

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COTTAGES.

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TROUT FISHING.

770 ACRES OF EXCELLENT SHOOTING.

MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF SUSSEX.

ONLY £230 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—Quaint XVIIth Century MANOR HOUSE, with inglenooks and oak-panelled reception rooms, situate well away from road, surrounded by

GRANDLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GROUNDS

and meadow-lands of 40 acres. Drawing room (28ft. by 16ft.), dining room (22ft. by 21ft.), full-size billiard room, library (20ft. by 12ft.), study, 12 bedrooms, bath, offices. Stabling for 6, several outbuildings. Shady tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, trout stream, ornamental lake, boat-house, etc. 3 cottages. 1,600 pheasants, besides other game and rabbits, shot last season.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HAMPTON AND SONS beg to notify that they have now sold the following PROPERTIES in and around Wimbledon:—

"HOMESIDE," Wimbledon Common.—A Freehold Residence, with about 2½ acres.

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6, EDGE HILL.—A Freehold Residence, near R.C. church.

A Freehold House in Belvedere Drive, Wimbledon Hill.

4, DENMARK AVENUE.—A Freehold Residence and garden.

"THE LIMES," 35, Woodside.—A Leasehold House, with stabling and large garden.

6 Freehold Building Sites.

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Bracing air. Gravel soil. Express trains. Electric light. Picturesque old village. Vast Common for golf, riding, and cycling. Easy driving distance of West-End theatres and shops.

A FEW CHOICE RESIDENCES FOR URGENT SALE.

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LOW PRICE.

WIMBLEDON COMMON (excellent views over wide expanse of Heath).—Hall, 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths. Ground-floor offices, billiard. Garden. Unfurnished, on Lease, or sacrificed for quick sale. (D 200 A)

RENT, £300, OR OFFER.

WIMBLEDON PARK (on high ridge, lovely views).—For SALE, at reduced price, modern well-built and appointed RESIDENCE. Hall, billiard, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, ground-floor offices, conservatory. Well fireplaces. Heated by hot-water radiators. Well-stocked garden of about an acre. (D 1,627)

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TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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WOODSIDE, MAIDENHEAD.
OVERLOOKING BOULTER'S LOCK.
On a favourite reach of the River Thames, 2 miles from Taplow and Maidenhead Stations.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Wednesday, May 13, 1908, at 2 o'clock (unless previously disposed of), the above famous RIVERSIDE PROPERTY, occupying a lovely position, commanding superb views of the celebrated Clieveden Woods; unrivalled boating facilities, golf. Accommodation: 5 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 staircases, usual domestic offices, including housekeeper's room and servants' hall; Company's water and gas. National telephone. Two cottages. Model dairy, detached stabling. Delightfully disposed pleasure grounds, wide-spreading lawns for tennis and croquet, flower garden, roseries, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, and rich meadowland, in all about 11½ acres. The Property will first be offered as a whole.—Illustrated particulars and conditions of sale may be obtained of Messrs. HARRISON and DAVIES, Solicitors, 13, Great James Street, Bedford Row, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, 9, Conduit Street, W.

PICTURESQUE MOUNTAIN SCENERY.
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ABERGAVENNY DISTRICT (station ¼ mile).—For SALE or to LET, Unfurnished, the above attractive stone-built RESIDENCE in the Italian style, surrounded by attractive pleasure grounds of an acre: 4 reception and 9 bedrooms, usual offices; stabling for 2; Company's gas and water; dry soil; good sporting neighbourhood.—Price, rent, and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,147)

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BILLIARD ROOM, 11 BEDROOMS.
STABLING FOR 3. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

DEVON COAST.—To be SOLD, the above attractive and substantially built MARINE RESIDENCE, standing high, and commanding delightful views. Accommodation: entrance hall, 5 reception, billiard, 11 bed and bathrooms; ample offices; the House is fitted with electric light, and heated by hot water; stabling for 3; well-arranged pleasure grounds of 3½ acres. The whole Property is in splendid condition. — Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,731)

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AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD SPORTING ESTATE of about 785 acres, known as "ELLERON LODGE," situate 5 miles from Pickering Station, and including a comfortable House, containing: drawing and dining rooms, good billiard room, and 7 principal bedrooms; stabling for 7; old-world gardens, tennis lawns, woodland walks, ornamental lake and trout stream; productive kitchen garden; model farmery; 2 lodge entrances and cottages; home farm of 200 acres; beautiful woodlands with hododendron walks, and grouse moor. The Estate will be offered in one Lot by

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY,

at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C., on July, 24th next, unless previously disposed of by private treaty.—Illustrated particulars with plan can be obtained of J. D. WHITEHEAD, Esq., Solicitor, Pickering; or of the Auctioneers, at their offices, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

18 MILES NORTH OF LONDON.
6½ ACRES. PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE.

TO BE SOLD, an attractive COUNTRY PROPERTY of 6½ acres, with the above Residence: 4 reception and billiard rooms, conservatory, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, and ample offices; stabling for 6; hunting, boating, and golf.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,510)

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1½ MILES FROM STATION. 50 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, charming HOUSE standing in park-like meadows of about 60 acres, with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: fine lounge hall, 3 large reception rooms, 13 principal bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, attics for 4 or 5 maidservants, and accommodation for menservants if required; good stabling and outbuildings, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

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MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have a choice selection of Furnished TOWN HOUSES to offer for the season in the following localities:

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42, GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE. — This unusually light and sunny RESIDENCE can now be TREATED for PRIVATELY. The accommodation comprises: on the ground floor, morning room, study, and dining room; first floor (parquet flooring), boudoir and fine drawing room; second floor, 3 bedrooms and bathroom; third floor, 5 bedrooms; also butler's bedroom in basement.

IN LOVELY OLD GROUNDS.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, an attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, with lodge entrance: billiard, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and capital offices; stabling for 4, double coach-house, harness and cleaning rooms; 2 cottages, and range of model farm buildings; modern sanitary arrangements; Company's water; gravel soil; 1 mile of excellent golf course; lovely old pleasure grounds, with some fine specimen trees, tennis and croquet lawns, rosery, herbaceous borders, carnation and peach-houses; highly productive kitchen garden and fruit garden, well-grown ornamental woodland and several rich paddocks, in all about 26½ acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,863)

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FIRST-RATE TRAIN SERVICE.

TO BE SOLD, the above beautiful little RESIDENCE, in the Queen Anne cottage style, standing in its own grounds of 8 acres, the feature of which is a shady dell of 2½ acres, with rustic steps, winding walks, and shady nooks, forming in the summer a delightful retreat. The House has been built and equipped at a large expense, and the owner is willing to make a considerable sacrifice to secure a quick sale. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; first-rate stabling and outbuildings.—Full particulars and photos of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., who have inspected. (3,757)

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35 MINUTES FROM TOWN, yet amidst some of the most beautiful scenery in the Home Counties.—To be SOLD, the above attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with picturesque half-timbered gables, occupying a superb situation, and surrounded by 20 acres of pleasure grounds, woods, and meadows, the great charm of which is their natural beauty, involving only a very moderate upkeep. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom (plans already prepared for enlargement if necessary); first-rate stabling and cottages.—Inspected and very highly recommended by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,655)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON (4½ miles from a station, about 1 hour from the City and West End).—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above charmingly situated COUNTRY HOUSE, commanding most extensive views, and entirely surrounded by its own well-disposed grounds and park-like lands of 44 acres: 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; detached billiard room; Company's water; modern drainage; stabling for 4; 2 cottages, etc.—Strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,555)

COLCHESTER (about 2 miles from the town and 3 from the station, with excellent express train service to London).—The highly attractive Freehold PROPERTY known as "BLENHEIM," situated within easy reach of Colchester Camp, and convenient to golf links and yacht anchorage; picturesque and substantially built gabled Residence, in excellent repair, and containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 5 reception rooms, conservatory, and ample offices; capital water supply; modern sanitation; electric light; stabling for 3 horses, coach and motor-house; gardener's cottage and studio; beautifully timbered grounds, kitchen and vegetable gardens, orchards, glasshouses, and paddock, in all over 6 acres.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

(in conjunction with Messrs. HAMPTON and SONS) will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, June 2, 1908, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously Sold privately).—Particulars, plan, and view of Messrs. HARDISTY, RHODES, and HARDISTY, Solicitors, 17, Great Marlborough Street, W.; Messrs. HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

IN THE MOST FAVOURITE PART OF HERTS (2 miles from a main line station, and within easy distance of London), occupying an exceptionally choice situation, 450ft. above sea level, and commanding views of unsurpassed beauty and extent. — To be SOLD, handsome modern MANSION, standing on the site of an ancient Manor House, together with an unusually attractive and well-timbered Freehold Estate of about 120 acres (all grass). The Residence, which is on two floors, is admirably planned, soundly constructed, and thoroughly well finished, and contains some fine panelling; very complete outbuildings, stabling, coach-house, men's accommodation, etc.; the premises are lighted by electricity; beautiful and well-matured gardens and pleasure grounds; a capital home farm with house and steading; 6 cottages; hunting and golf accessible.—WALTON LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended. (22,351)

£1,250 WILL PURCHASE the above very attractive FREEHOLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE, 250 feet above sea level, CHARMING SURROUNDINGS, station 2¼ miles. Ashdown Forest and golf links 5 miles. Church, telegraph, and telephone 5 minutes: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, etc.; pretty terraced gardens, orchard, and paddock, in all 2 acres; shed for pony; good water and drainage, and in first-class order. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,624)

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FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant. — Offices, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

REIGATE.—To be SOLD or LET, picturesque COTTAGE RESIDENCE, part built 1626, with beautiful gardens, tennis lawn, greenhouse, and small stabling; rural situation, ½ mile from station: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), oak-panelled reception rooms; modern drainage; Company's water; electric light; close to 3 golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street. W. (22,601)

ESHER AND OXSHOTT DISTRICT (on outskirts of pretty village in this favourite neighbourhood, 5 minutes' walk from golf links). 5,000 gns. will PURCHASE this capital COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in beautiful grounds of about 5 acres; tennis and croquet lawns, orchard and paddock; stabling for 3 horses, and coachman's rooms; 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, and offices; 10 minutes' walk from station. More land can be had. Inspected. —WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,502)

BANKS OF THE THAMES.

IN A PARTICULARLY CHOICE POSITION, about 1 mile from Marlow Town and Station, and 1½ from Cookham Station on the Great Western Railway, whence London is reached in about three-quarters of an hour. TWO IDEAL FREEHOLD RIVERSIDE PROPERTIES, one distinguished as THE MANOR HOUSE, a faithful copy by a celebrated architect of a Residence of the time of Henry VIII., substantially built of brick, with tiled roof and rough-cast exterior, situated on the summit of a ridge commanding beautiful views of the river, and containing, on two floors: vestibule, grand hall, 4 reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 4 fitted baths, and spacious domestic offices; modern drainage; Company's water; matured pleasure grounds, good kitchen garden, and a suitable complement of glass; 450ft. frontage to the river; large boathouse with tea-room over; stabling for 5 horses: several useful farm buildings and 4 excellent cottages.

The other Property, adjacent to the above, is known as QUARRYWOOD COTTAGE, picturesquely situated at the foot of a hanging wood, and comprises a most attractive gabled RESIDENCE, containing: entrance and staircase halls, 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and excellent domestic offices; stabling for 4 horses, with 4 living rooms; capital boathouse; pretty terraced gardens and tennis lawn extending to the river, to which there is a frontage of about 500ft.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION on Tuesday, May 19, 1908, at the Mart, E.C., at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously sold privately), first as a whole, and if not so sold, in Two Lots. —Particulars of Messrs. BRAIKENRIDGE and EDWARDS, Solicitors, 16, Bartlett's Buildings, E.C., and of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

TO GOLFERS.—Sandwich and Deal Golf Links (near).—Price, 4,000 guineas (Rent, £175) for the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 17 acres: stabling for 8; 2 cottages; charming grounds, kitchen garden, glasshouses, and meadowland; 12 bed and dressing rooms, billiard room, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 large reception rooms, conservatory, servants' hall; Company's water; a mile from station, 2 miles from the sea.—Personally inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,422)

HERTS.—In a lovely district, 40 minutes from London, to be SOLD (or LET, Furnished), an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, well away from motor dust, and commanding splendid views; magnificently timbered grounds, kitchen gardens, orchard, and paddocks, 7 acres; additional land if desired; stabling for 6 horses; 12 bed and dressing rooms and bathroom, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall and offices; gas and Company's water; ¾ mile from station. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,059)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS (near Walton Heath Golf Links).—To be LET, Unfurnished, CAPITAL COUNTRY HOUSE, on gravel soil, and 5½ acres of charming but inexpensive grounds; kitchen garden, orchard, and glasshouses; 1¼ miles from a station; magnificent views; 8 bed and dressing rooms; bath (h. and c.); 3 reception rooms; stabling for 4; coachman's rooms. Electric light, modern sanitation, and every convenience.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,612)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS (near Elstree.). — Exceptionally attractive COUNTRY HOUSE and 5 or 14 acres to be SOLD; 5 minutes' walk from station, ½ hour from London; carriage drive with lodge entrance: 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, studio, and every convenience; stabling for 3; motor-house; well-timbered attractive grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, glasshouses; gas and water laid on; main drainage; 300ft. above sea.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street. W. (22,591)

AMIDST BEAUTIFUL MARINE AND MOORLAND SCENERY.

SCARBOROUGH AND WHITBY (between; 1 mile from the coast, with good bathing, 2 miles from moors, 4½ miles from Scarborough). —For SALE, the above desirable COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high, on gravel soil, with stabling, farmery, charming gardens, grounds, and meadowland, in all nearly 20 acres; first-class trout fishing on the Property: 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), large lounge hall suitable for full-sized billiard room, drawing and dining rooms, and offices; electric light; modern drainage and other conveniences; House could easily be added to if required. — Inspected and highly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,753)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS.

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

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NEAR 3 GOLF LINKS AND THE BROOKLANDS TRACK.

APPEALING TO MOTORISTS.

BYFLEET.—A most conveniently and well-placed RESIDENCE, known as "Mill Lane Cottage," in a pretty part between Weybridge and Byfleet: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; motor-house; very pretty grounds, unique and beautiful rosery, 2¾ acres.—Will be submitted to AUCTION, at a low reserve, in May, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 6,686)

SHEEN WOOD, EAST SHEEN.

IN A QUIET SITUATION, within easy reach of the station, and a few minutes' walk from Richmond Park, Sheen Common, and Golf Links, and the Roehampton Polo Grounds: 6 bed, dressing, bath, square hall, 3 reception; stabling 2, cottage; charming garden of 1½ acres.—Auctioneers' Office, Brompton Road, S.W.

'MIDST THE GLORIOUS TINTERN ABBEY SCENERY.

HEREFORD AND MONMOUTH WYE.—To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, the above magnificently placed RESIDENCE, standing in lovely grounds, etc., extending to

56 ACRES.

2 halls, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms; stabling; outbuildings.

EXCELLENT SALMON FISHING.

—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,431)

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—The compact TOWN RESIDENCE, 39 Drayton Gardens, containing: 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception; garden in rear. Lease expires 1943. Ground Rent, £2. For SALE by AUCTION on May 18, or privately.—Full details at the Estate Offices, Brompton Road, S.W.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND BRIGHTON (between).—To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished, this attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE, within 2½ miles of a station; well timbered grounds and park-like lands, extending to

80 ACRES.

Hall, 4 reception, 14 bed and dressing, bathrooms.

STABLING. FARMHOUSE. COTTAGE.

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TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

A SELECTION OF RESIDENCES TO BE LET FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

20 GUINEAS.—On the river, beautiful upper reach. Picturesque RESIDENCE in old-world grounds, sloping to river: 10 bed, bath, 3 or 4 sitting rooms; stabling; electric light.

15 GUINEAS.—On the river, favourite district: 8 bed, bath, 3 sitting; stabling; long frontage; boat-house, etc. (4,006)

20 GUINEAS.—SURREY (Dorking district), 300ft. above sea: 13 bed, bath, 3 reception, billiard rooms; stabling; tennis and croquet lawns. (F 51)

15 GUINEAS.—SURREY (35 minutes from Town): 8 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling; lawns, ornamental lake; excellent golf. (F 7,256)

12 GUINEAS.—SURREY (in a favourite part): 9 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling; tennis lawn, etc.; electric light. (F 7,280)

20 GUINEAS.—KENT (few miles from main line station): 14 bed, bath, 5 reception, billiard room; stabling; gardens, shady lawns; rough shooting. (F 7,381)

12 GUINEAS.—KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.—Old Tudor RESIDENCE, in beautiful grounds: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling; close to excellent golf. (F 7,336)

19 GUINEAS.—HERTS (easy reach of important station): 14 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception, billiard rooms; stabling; tennis and croquet lawns; electric light. (F 6,949)

10 GUINEAS.—HERTS (on high ground): 7 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling; tennis lawn, etc.; golf. (F 28)

20 GUINEAS.—HANTS (New Forest).—Charming RESIDENCE: 13 bed, bath, 5 reception rooms; stabling; tennis and croquet lawns; sea 1 mile. (F 6,214)

10 GUINEAS.—HANTS (close to excellent golf): 7 bed, bath, 3 reception, billiard; stabling; 2 acres; tennis lawn, etc. (F 27)

20-22 GUINEAS.—BUCKS (dry and healthy situation): 21 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; beautiful old grounds. (F 34)

10 GUINEAS.—BUCKS (on the Chilterns).—Comfortable old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 10 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling; tennis and beautiful grounds. (F 1,180)

10 GUINEAS.—DEVON.—Genuine old HOUSE, in beautiful grounds: 10 bed, 3 reception rooms; golf and fishing. (F 1,655)

9 GUINEAS.—DEVON (on the coast): 8 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; flower garden and lawns. (F 7,175)

8-10 GUINEAS.—CORNWALL COAST (magnificent views): 7 bed, bath, 3 sitting rooms; motor-house; large garden; excellent golf. (F 5,994)

MESSRS. HARRODS will be pleased to forward full particulars of the above and of any other Properties in all districts on receipt of requirements.

HERTS. TROUT-FISHING.

GODALMING.—To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished, for the summer months, the above charming RESIDENCE, in a lovely position, surrounded by its own pretty grounds and well-timbered parkland of about 180 acres. The accommodation comprises: hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and excellent domestic offices, including servants' hall and housekeeper's room; stabling for 7 horses, motor-house, coachman's cottage, etc.; partridge shooting over 1,700 acres by arrangement, and fishing.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,413)

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS (within 55 minutes of London).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in its own perfectly kept exceedingly pretty grounds and well-timbered park of about 100 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, terraces, rose walks, rockery, most productive kitchen garden, greenhouses, pretty woods, lake and trout pond. The Residence, which is most beautifully furnished, contains: lounge hall, exceedingly pretty drawing room, dining room, handsome billiard room, study, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; good stabling, motor-house, farmery, and cottages.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,731)

1,100 ACRES SHOOTING.

WILTS, DEVIZES.—The above charming RESIDENCE, in grounds of 10 acres: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 7; pretty garden, tennis lawn, etc. To LET for year or less. Low Rent.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,463)

SURREY (in a lovely spot).—To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished, the above beautifully placed RESIDENCE, exceptionally pretty grounds, well timbered, extending to about

16 ACRES.

4 RECEPTION, 15 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, BATHROOM.

First-rate stabling, gardener's cottage, gravel soil.

PRICE, £12,000.

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IN A LOVELY POSITION. INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

SUSSEX.—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer months, the above charming RESIDENCE, in a lovely position, surrounded by its own pretty grounds and well-timbered parkland of about 180 acres. The accommodation comprises: hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and excellent domestic offices, including servants' hall and housekeeper's room; stabling for 7 horses, motor-house, coachman's cottage, etc.; partridge shooting over 1,700 acres by arrangement, and fishing.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,413)

ONE OF THE FINEST POSITIONS ON THE COAST.

LIZARD, CORNWALL.—To be LET, Furnished, the above beautifully situated RESIDENCE, commanding unrivalled sea views, as seen in above illustration, and containing: 3 reception, 9 bed, bathroom; excellent offices; pretty grounds, tennis court, kitchen garden, etc., in all 2 acres; stabling.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 4,341)

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GRAND VIEWS OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

DEVONSHIRE (near Torquay).—To be LET, either Furnished or Unfurnished, the above charming RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful situation 300ft. above sea level. Accommodation: 5 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, usual offices, servants' hall; stabling for 4, coach-house, and 2 rooms; picturesque grounds of 4 acres, lawns, shaded walks, terrace and look-out, kitchen gardens, footpath leading to sheltered sandy cove with private boat and bathing houses. Rent, Furnished, 10-15 gns. per week, according to term; or Unfurnished, on Lease, £200 per annum.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,071)

IN THE WEALD OF KENT (1½ miles from a station).—To be LET, on Lease, the above historical and genuine fifteenth-century RESIDENCE, beautifully situated in 5 acres of well-timbered grounds. The House contains: 5 reception rooms, hall and billiard rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, extensive stabling and outbuildings, cottage, etc.; the grounds are adorned with fine old trees. Inspected and recommended.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above.

EASY DISTANCE OF WALTON HEATH GOLF LINKS.

TO BE LET, Furnished, for 3 or 6 months, this old-fashioned modernised RESIDENCE, situate nearly 600ft. above sea level. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath, usual offices, butler's pantry; stabling for 2 horses, coach-house; beautiful old garden of 1½ acres, shrubberies, tennis lawn, kitchen garden. Rent, 5 to 7 gns. per week, according to period.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (S 661)

IN THE CHARMING LEATHERHEAD DISTRICT.

THE ABOVE INTERESTING OLD JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, suitably Furnished, to be LET for 3 or more months. The accommodation consists of lounge hall, richly carved oak staircase with dog gates, panelled dining and drawing rooms, morning room, 7 bed and dressing rooms (3 panelled), bathroom (h. and c.), ample offices; stabling for 4 and groom's room; beautifully timbered grounds. Rent, 10 gns. per week.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (S 665)

2,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

WITHIN THREE HOURS OF TOWN, and less than 2 miles of market town and station.—To be LET, this fine old JACOBEAN MANSION, well and appropriately Furnished, surrounded by exceptionally attractive grounds and a well-timbered park; long drive with lodge at entrance: entrance hall, study, statuary gallery with fine pictures by early Italian masters, dining room, double drawing room (56ft. by 19ft.), billiard room, well-stocked library, fine oak staircase to upper floor, where are 28 family, visitors' and servants' bed and dressing rooms; the stabling accommodation includes 8 stalls and 5 boxes, and in addition to a large coach-house there is a motor-house with pit; large riding school, easily adaptable for a ballroom; the pleasure grounds are widely known for their beauty, and include Italian and rose gardens, etc.; the shooting extends to 2,000 acres, of which 142 acres are well-placed coverts.
For all further particulars, apply Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (E 1,202)

KENT.
30 MINUTES FROM CITY AND WEST END.

A MOST CHARMING AND UNIQUE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 8 acres, rarely to be met in so complete a form.
FOR SALE FREEHOLD,
This RESIDENCE, which is erected in the Early English style, stands in delightful grounds of quite exceptional beauty. Is approached by a winding carriage drive, and contains:

BILLIARD ROOM.	9 BEST BEDROOMS.
MUSIC ROOM.	4 SERVANTS' ROOMS.
5 RECEPTION ROOMS.	3 DRESSING AND 2 BATHROOMS.
ELEGANT SQUARE HALL.	

LARGE STABLING, 2 COTTAGES, ETC.

The pleasure grounds include tennis lawn, bowling green, kitchen garden; flower and fruit gardens, etc. Farmery of 42 acres may be rented. Whole in perfect order.
Strongly recommended by the Agent, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,206)

SOUTH DEVON.

THE ABOVE EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-BUILT FREEHOLD RESIDENCE for SALE, standing in very attractive grounds of nearly 4 acres, in a lovely sunny part of Devon, near Dartmoor and Newton Abbot: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 or 10 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 4 horses; hunting, fishing, and golf in the neighbourhood.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,211)

IN THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE DISTRICT.

TO BE SOLD, a handsome modern MANSION, standing in well-timbered park and pleasure grounds of 50 acres, charmingly placed midst picturesque scenery on the bank of the River Eden. It is approached by a winding drive, with lodge at entrance, and the accommodation comprises: vestibule with groined ceiling, grand corridor (78ft. long by 15ft. 7in. wide), panelled ceiling, elegant stone staircase with large stained glass window. Communicating with each other are music room (23ft. 8in. by 15ft.), drawing room (29ft. 4in. by 21ft. 1in.), library (35ft. 5in. by 19ft. 8in.), dining room (30ft. 6in. by 28ft. 8in.), magistrate's or business room; ample domestic arrangements. Above are 13 bedrooms, 6 dressing rooms, 5 servants' bedrooms, 3 w.c.'s, bathroom, etc.; heated throughout; gas and water laid on; stabling for 12 horses, large coach-house, etc.; courtyard and 3 cottages; the pleasure grounds are very pretty and well stocked with shrubs and ornamental trees, productive kitchen garden, extending to nearly an acre, greenhouse, vinery, orchard. Price on application. Part of purchase money could remain on mortgage.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,196)

A GREAT SACRIFICE.—HERTFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a beautifully built and compact moderate-sized RESIDENCE, 1 mile from a main line station, from whence London is reached in half an hour. The House stands in about 8 acres of charming pleasure grounds, and contains: pretty lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; good stabling and outbuildings. Photos can be seen.—Full particulars on application to Box K 3,757, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

UNIQUE YACHTING RESIDENCE (within easy reach of London).—It comprises a pretty Residence, occupying a bright and cheerful situation, on sand soil, in 3 acres of heavily timbered grounds. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, and 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; good stabling and cottage. Price low.—Full particulars of Box K 3,854, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY (near good golf links and not over the hour from Town), preferably an OLD HOUSE, in well-matured grounds of several acres; must stand fairly high: 8 to 12 bedrooms and at least 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3 or 4 horses. Photos carefully returned.—Full particulars, "G.," Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

30 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON.—To be LET, Furnished, a charming old HOUSE, standing in a well-timbered park, and containing: 4 reception rooms and billiard room, 22 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 10 horses.—Particulars and photos of Box KF 896, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ABERGAVENNY.

FOR SALE, OR TO BE LET, a well-built HOUSE, in the Italian style, commanding beautiful mountain scenery, and standing in pleasure grounds of about an acre. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms; usual offices; stabling for 2. Golf; salmon and trout fishing.—Particulars of Box K 3,147, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR SALE.—The Direct LEASE (about 22 years) of a commodious MANSION on the Howard de Walden Estate. The House has an extensive frontage, and contains: 11 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 drawing rooms, boudoir, dining, morning, smoking, and billiard rooms; stabling for 6 horses in the rear.—For full particulars as to price, etc., apply to Box K 6,591, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A SMALL COMPACT STUD FARM, near famous Downs, to be SOLD; 50 acres of grass and first-rate buildings, large up-to-date stabling, perfectly equipped, and excellent gentleman's Residence.—Full particulars of "H.J.," Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE LET, a charming DETACHED HOUSE with every modern convenience, electric light, and good garden, close to Ealing Station (G.W.Rly.). It contains: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, hall and billiard room.—Box K 7,911, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

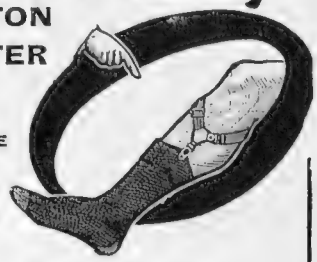
SOUTHAMPTON (4 miles from).—For SALE, Freehold, a capital old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered grounds (12 acres): 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom (h. and c.), morning room, spacious drawing room and dining room, handsome staircase and lounge hall; good drainage; Company's water; telephone; stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, and motor-house; cottage, greenhouses, charming grounds.—Apply, H.M., c/o COX and SHARLAND, 150, High Street, Southampton.

TO LET, a charming detached COTTAGE at Thames Ditton, 5 minutes from the river, and only 30 minutes from Town: 2 sitting rooms, square hall, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; these on two floors. Nice-sized garden, with tennis court; garden in excellent condition, having been well kept. Large motor-shed. This Cottage will be redecorated, etc., by owner, though it is in an excellent condition; present owner leaving only because it is too small for his requirements. Rent, £60 per annum, on three years' lease, and no premium will be asked of incoming tenant. Possession at half-quarter if desired. House, 1 minute from station.—Box "C. B.," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

H. W.

Velvet Grip

BOSTON GARTER



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The Chelsea Historical Pageant

will be held, by the kind permission of FIELD-MARSHAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, G.C.B., O.M., V.C., Governor, and the Commissioners of the Royal Hospital, in Old Ranelagh Gardens, adjoining the Hospital, and five minutes' walk from Sloane Square, on the following dates, commencing at 4 o'clock:—

Thursday, June 25	Monday, June 29
Friday, June 26	Tuesday, June 30
Saturday, June 27	Wednesday, July 1

No effort has been spared to make this, the first London Pageant, in every sense worthy of the occasion; beautiful in colour, in movement, in music, form, and setting; interesting dramatically from first to last; and thoroughly representative of Chelsea, which holds a place second to none of the historic quarters of London in the richness of her records and the number of great folk who have been successively associated with her past.

Plans of the covered Grand Stand may be seen, and seats can be booked **on and after April 21st at the Pageant Room, Town Hall, King's Road, Chelsea** (entrance from Manor Gardens), Telephone No. 3187 Kensington; also from the following agents:

Messrs. Keith, Prowse & Co.; Ashton & Mitchell; The District Messenger Co., Ltd.; Alfred Hays; Lacon & Ollier; Leader & Co.; Cecil Roy; Webster & Girling; Webster & Waddington; The Army and Navy Stores; Ross & Reid; Thomas Cook & Son; The American Express Co.; and other principal agents.

The prices of seats are £2 2s., £1 1s., 15s., 10s. 6d., and 5s. All seats are under cover, numbered and reserved. Early application is essential in order to secure the best positions.

A booklet containing full particulars of the **Pageant,** with lists of **Committees, Guarantors,** and **Subscribers,** and illustrated by fifteen reproductions of interesting old **Chelsea** pictures and portraits, can be obtained at the Pageant Room, and of agents and booksellers, price 2d. (and by post 3½d.), on application to the Press Representative, SYDNEY GLOVER, 1, Clifford's Inn, Fleet St., E.C. (Telephone No. 2055 Holborn).

ing the practical service of an armhole, for their support. Minds of resource are contriving all manner of clever schemes for manœuvring adjustable sleevelets.

In the matter of *gilets* considerably more versatility is displayed, and out of a wealth of original notions encountered within the past week there may be mentioned floral-patterned *piqué*, checked tattersall linen, *chêne* cretonne, cretonne silk, tussore, plain striped and embroidered, while almost without exception is the silhouette defined by a contrasting hem bind. Sometimes guimpe and *gilet* are combined, as in the case of a *chêne* folded ribbon that formed a very *décolleté* vest, hemmed round with black silk over a guimpe of net, which finished with an extremely large cascade *jabot*, the which have practically ousted from exclusive realms the grandfather frill of last year.

THREE EXCLUSIVE MODELS SEEN AT PAQUIN'S

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Nor is there any mistaking the increasing favour accorded the high-collar neck-frill, which is slowly, but very surely, increasing in dimensions. Paquin frequently uses these frills one and a half to two inches deep, sometimes in all lace, and again in *plissé* frills of muslin hemmed with lace. Although there is naturally something of an inclination for these wide frills to drop, every effort is made to keep them as outstanding as possible by goffering and general manipulation. There is being developed in most of us an instinct to "prink" (I think that is rather a good word) these frills into position from time to time. Despite the desire in certain quarters to regard them as the thin end of the wedge to a revival of Elizabethan magnificences, there is positively no sign at present of such an end being within even visible distance.

A Chic Navy Serge Costume

As the oracles have spoken, there is small probability that the fine serge suiting will exhaust its charms during the entire season. The Paris mode illustrated, a creation of Alice Blums', is elaborately worked in fine black braid, a large portion of the design being executed in wheel effects. The vest is of Saxe blue tussore, the edges being outlined everywhere with a black and gold *galon*.

The Vogue of the Three-Piece Gown

Great, indeed, has been the influence of the short semi-fitting coat on the above-named vogue. The alternating opportunities are endless with a scheme that comprises a gown intact of itself worn with a coat, or the corsage replaced by some temporary blouse, and, as well behoves so adaptable a fancy, much is being made of it by the leading *couturières*. Striped voile and plain taffeta in tone form a favourite alliance, as does Shantung and cloth, also there is cloth and taffeta, and on one and all *soutache* performs the chief decorative relief.

As the summer advances, it needs no great prophetic vision to foretell the assured acceptance of taffeta coats with soft muslin and lace skirts. There was quite a promising attempt made on these lines last summer, which those of us who saw and noted, realised was then only in its infancy of popularity. It is highly probable, however, that in this particular connection the long-tail Directoire coat will supplant the present short semi-fit, in which case there is every promise of the long-handled parasol coming once again to the fore.

The Management of Vines

Even in unheated greenhouses vines are now growing rapidly, and though nothing that can be done now will produce a good crop if they have previously been neglected, good management will increase the crop and will effect greater improvement in subsequent years. As regards the number of bunches, experience shows that one to a spur is a rate which should not be exceeded. If there are any spurs without fruit, a second bunch may be left on others to make up the total. At first the two strongest shoots on each spur should be allowed to grow, all others being rubbed off. The one carrying the larger bunch should be gradually trained down to the wires—as the shoots are very apt to snap off, this needs care—and when this has been successfully accomplished, the smaller one should be removed. It is safer to let twenty-four hours elapse between the final tying down and this removal, because it sometimes happens that an unforeseen strain is thrown on the wires in one place by the tightening in another, with the result that some of the selected shoots collapse. The next point to remember is that the size of the berries depends on the size of the leaves rather than on their number. Each leaf has its own functions to perform, and for this reason the most important leaf on each shoot is the one from the axil of which the bunch issues. To increase its size, the number of leaves must be limited; the general rule is to stop the shoot at either the first or the second leaf beyond the bunch, according to the space to be filled. After this stopping, the side shoots which will start should be confined to a single leaf each if there is plenty of room, or rubbed off if there is not. Unless new shoots are to be trained up from the base, no further growth should be allowed. This will concentrate the energy of the plant on the growth already made, and especially on the bunches.

An Attractive Corner of a Rock-Garden

For the decoration of the rock-garden, few plants are more effective than the dwarf phloxes. If they are kept free from stagnant moisture they are remarkably hardy

Dwarf Phloxes in the Rock-Garden

Among the most useful plants for the rock-garden are the dwarf phloxes. They are often called Alpines, but they are really of North American origin. Like all plants which are exposed to extreme cold, they seldom exceed more than a few inches in height—no doubt because the earth retains its warmth longer than the air above it—and they spread out into dense cushions, which are covered with flowers in May, and sometimes right through the summer. The flowers are of many different colours, blue, lilac, pink, salmon, and white. The commonest species are P. amœna, P. pilosa, and P. subulata, but they have so often crossed that the plants principally grown in gardens are hybrids, two of the best being The Bride and Vivid. They are charming in the front of the mixed border, but are certainly at their best when hanging over rocks. If only the drainage is good, they are quite hardy. The one thing that they cannot endure is stagnant moisture, and this they are pretty sure to escape in the upper part of the rock-garden. They may be planted now, but should be watered well at once, and, if the weather is dry, at intervals throughout the summer. For a week or two, also, shade from hot sunshine would benefit them.

H. C. Davidson.

For Nerve Sufferers

Nerves are the telegraph and telephone wires of the human body, and anyone who has visited a great telephone exchange will begin faintly to realise the infinite complications and intricacy of the nervous system. Yet in these days of wear and tear this delicate mechanism is probably the hardest worked of any in the human body, while the diet taken by the ordinary mortal contains a minimum of nerve food, the result being headaches, neuralgia, etc., leading to nervous and often mental breakdowns. A valuable nerve food, in a highly concentrated form, is now obtainable, called "Antineurasthin." This is not, like many patent medicines, a quack remedy, but one that is receiving the support of the medical profession and Press. Antineurasthin is taken in the form of tablets, and is pleasant to the palate. Obtainable only from the Antineurasthin Company, 2, Botolph House, Eastcheap, E.C. Boxes of twenty-four of these tablets cost 4*s.* 6*d.*, sufficient for a week's treatment. A small sample box will also be sent on receipt of four penny stamps.

Suburban Holiday Attractions

(*With Telephone Numbers*)

Borough, Stratford: *Her Road to Ruin.* 897 East.
Broadway, New Cross: *His House in Order.* 196 Deptford.
Camden: *The Village Blacksmith.* 328 North.
Coronet, Notting Hill: *Sherlock Holmes.* 1273 Ken.
Crown, Peckham: *Her Forbidden Marriage.* 412 Hop.
Grand, Croydon: *The Merry Widow.* 12 Croydon.
Crystal Palace: *The Earl and the Girl.*
Dalston: Leonard Boyne in *Raffles.* 1871 Dalston.
Kennington: *The Silver King.* 1003 Hop.
King's, Hammersmith: *Woman and Wine.* 119 Hammersmith.
Marlborough, Holloway: *Her Second Time on Earth.* 131 North.
Shakespeare, Clapham: Revival of *Cinderella.* Miss Gay Silvani as Cinderella. 41 Battersea.

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A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

Preparing for Play

We rush away at Easter each year to prepare for our great working time during the months of the London season. There isn't any work so hard as play, remember! Amusement recognises no protective bodies like trade unions, its conditions fail to be limited by rhyme or reason, or an equivalent to the factory inspector. When we frivol we do as we like, or, more generally, as the world of fashion has decreed. If we work we demand light, air, sunshine, we decline to rise too soon, and expect to go to bed early. To most brain-workers an eight hours' day would be a dreadful hardship. We are leisurely enough over our labours, and grasp at frequent holidays. But play is unrestricted, its hours frequently running to long after midnight, are ill-chosen, and even boring, while we move in heated rooms lighted by artificial light, which must always be more or less unhealthy. Our play is so indefatigable; if we do the thing properly, it is positively merciless.

Clever and Dull

The controversy still rages as to which marriage is preferable: that of a clever man with a dull woman, or *vice versâ*. It greatly depends upon exactly what that word "dull" is meant to convey to our senses. In any case, the pair are not so ill-assorted as some would have us believe, for the cleverest people do not really suffer so much as the half-and-half ones from the stupidity of their fellows. It takes a brain to appreciate stupidity. I think men are the more tolerant of dulness, partly because a large majority expect it in their women, and also because love of superiority is an essentially masculine characteristic. But the whole question is resolved, not so much by the one person's stupidity as by the other's temper; and in this respect it is certainly women who are the more irritable. Lethargy, whether of mind or body, is apt to prove most disastrous to their highly strung nervous system. A bright woman loathes a slowcoach.

Pity the Poor Artist

I came across a cynical passage in a lady's paper the other day with regard to men of genius. The author says:—"It is curious how few artists or poets are really artistic or poetic in themselves. Often they live in hideous surroundings. Often they seem blind to beauty. They are putting all their eyes and their souls into their work. It is the lesser people who live beautifully." I call it distinctly hard on the artists; also slightly libellous towards human nature, since it infers that a great proportion of those with the gift of expression are nothing more than mental, moral, and æsthetic humbugs. Artists are certainly not "blind to beauty," though they may sometimes omit to scrutinise it very faithfully. I can fancy there is something dreadfully harassing about being an artist, compared with which a lesser person's life seems very plain sailing. Then, everybody expects the great man to do things in such exalted fashion that a blunder is a crime when he commits it. No, on the whole he is a sadly maligned personage, with his morals and manners too severely criticised and his talents often unappreciated. LADY PHYLLIS.

THE MENU:

SOME USEFUL EGG RECIPES

Buttered Eggs and Mushrooms

Put 2oz. of butter into a stewpan, when melted, break in four fresh eggs. Add a good tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter of a spoonful of pepper. Stir this mixture over the fire till quite thick. Pour it on hot buttered toast, and serve at once. If mushrooms are not at hand, minced ham, chicken, or any cold cooked vegetables can be used, and, for a variety, sardines or anchovies.

Eggs in Cases

Butter some small white fireproof cases, and put into each a piece of butter the size of a nut, with a small pinch of parsley, a little cayenne, and salt. Break an egg into each case, add a teaspoonful of grated Parmesan and a sprinkling of breadcrumbs. Put the cases into the oven for five minutes and serve.

Eggs and Tomatoes

Mince finely a large tomato with a very small slice of Spanish onion, add plenty of butter, and pepper and salt to taste; stir it in a stewpan on the fire till the onion is quite cooked, but not coloured, then throw in four eggs, beaten up, and keep on stirring the whole till the eggs are nearly set. Serve at once within a circle of fried bread sippets.

Eggs au Gratin

Hard-boil the eggs, and cut each into four even slices lengthways. Melt 1oz. of butter in a stewpan, add 1oz. of flour, stir till well-blended, then add half a pint of milk; stir the sauce till it boils. Simmer for five minutes, add 1oz. of grated cheese, pepper and salt. Butter a pie-dish, and put half the quantity of the eggs in the bottom of the dish. Cover them with sauce, and then another layer of eggs, then more sauce, sprinkle over with some more grated cheese, and a layer of white breadcrumbs, and place in a very hot oven for ten minutes.

Egg Sandwiches (Hot)

For these, pound two or three hard-boiled eggs, a small piece of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of potted meat, until a smooth paste is formed. Melt a lump of butter in a saucepan, add the mixture, and stir until it is quite hot. Then spread between fingers of hot buttered toast. Garnish the top of each sandwich with the whites of the eggs, finely chopped, and serve immediately.

Egg Cutlets (a Breakfast Dish)

Boil three eggs twelve minutes, and put in cold water. When cool remove the shells, dry with flour, cover each with sausage meat, then egg and breadcrumb. Fry in boiling fat till brown. Cut in halves and serve.

EMILIA.

Three Plain Puddings

Let us take three of the homeliest puddings—batter, sponge, and rice—and talk about them.

Make either of these in the old-fashioned way, without the addition of Currants, and you have a wholesome enough food with a certain amount of starchy substance in it, a certain amount of fat, a certain amount of artificial sugar, *good* all of them in their way—but *not the best possible.*

Now, what the housewife should aim at is the attainment—even in the pudding—of the best possible. Supposing you sprinkle a generous handful of dried currants into your sponge or batter or rice pudding—what is the difference effected by the addition of the fruit?

Just this: You add almost the entire weight of the Currants in *grape sugar*—a feeding, sustaining, energising food, that can be relied upon to *hold up* the eater.

Be generous, therefore, with this fruit—remember that by adding it to the otherwise inadequate pudding you make that pudding *the best possible.*

The Home Beautiful.

1908 Edition Post Free on Application. Containing 64 pages of original sketches and designs of Casement Windows, Roller Blinds, Window Fitments, Cretonnes, Printed Linens, Tissues, Chintzes, Taffetas, Muslins, Lace Curtains, Vitrage Nets, etc., etc.

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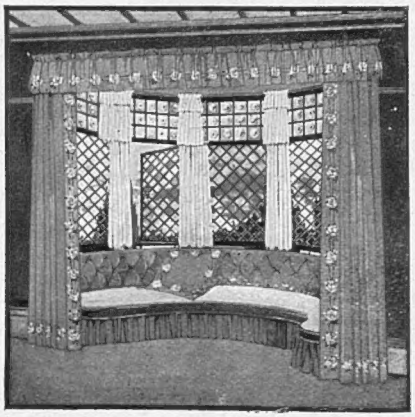

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New Casement Blind Materials:—

Casement Cotton, 6½d. per yd., 31 in. wide; **11½d.** per yd., 50 in. wide.
Cassia Cloth, in 50 Art Shades, **7¾d.** per yd., 31 in. wide; ditto, **1/3¾** per yd., 52 in. wide.
Printed Cassia Cloth, 9½d. per yd., 31 in. wide; ditto, reversible, **10½d.** per yd.
Cingalee Cloth, 9¾d. per yd., 32 in. wide; **1/4¾** per yd., 52 in. wide.
Egyptian Canvas, 1/6½ per yd., 52 in. wide.
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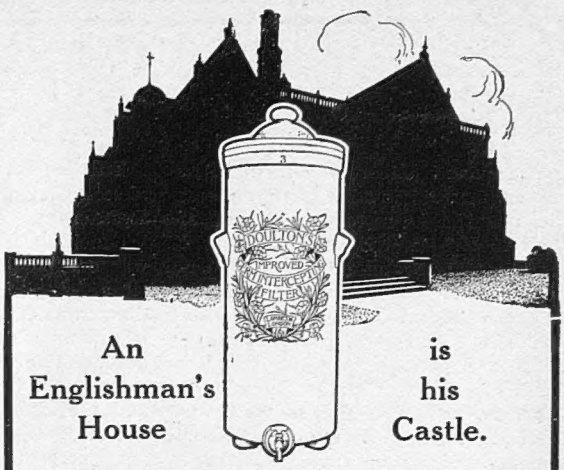

An Englishman's House is his Castle.

True, the modern home need not be moated, loopholed, and garrisoned with bold armoured men. None the less the householder of to-day must be on the alert to repel the insidious approach of the forces of Disease, through imperfect drainage, unwholesome food or milk *and particularly a contaminated water supply.*

Doulton's Germ Proof Filters

in many plain and artistic forms, are a sure defence against the many ills arising from this source.

Doulton's Germ Proof Filter (British made) is the most effective apparatus of its kind, and scientific evidence of its perfection is given in the Illustrated Price List sent free on application to

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The Editor's Box

The Danger Stage of Influenza

The recent outbreak of influenza has emphasised in a striking manner the remarkable restorative effect of Bovril. It is a well-known fact that the stimulative and nutritive properties of beef are extremely valuable in convalescence, and it is not surprising that Bovril, which contains these in a concentrated and readily digestible form, should figure prominently in the dietary ordered by medical men for their influenza patients. Many of those who have "weathered the storm" have excellent reason to be grateful for the benefit they have derived from Bovril, made either with boiling water in the ordinary way, or, as is sometimes preferred, with hot milk.

Royal Exchange Assurance

At a General Court of the Royal Exchange Assurance, held recently, it was decided to pay a further dividend of 5 per cent., making 9 per cent., on the capital stock of the Corporation for the year ending December 31, 1907.

For the Nursery

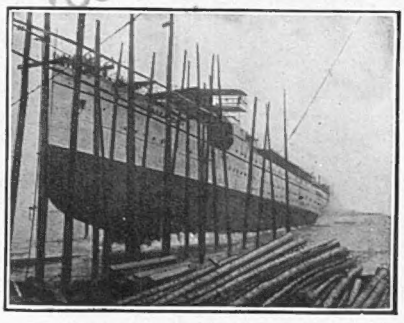
A delightful little book of nursery verses has just been issued by the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, S.E., a copy of which will be sent free on receipt of a stamp for postage. Illustrated by Louis Wain, the adventures of the cat family are amusingly told in verse. Their adventures include "A Morning Swim," "Snowballing," "Skating," "The Picnic," and "At the Seaside."

Hengler's Circus

Hengler's is once again the trysting-place for children and their grown-up friends, and a varied and elaborate programme is provided. There are performing horses, dogs, and monkeys galore, dainty bareback riders, comical clowns, and jugglers. Indeed, it is just the place for children, and should prove a popular place of entertainment with them.

The London Sketch Club

The annual dinner of the London Sketch Club was held at the Florence Restaurant, Rupert Street, W., on Wednesday, April 8. The chair was occupied by Tom Browne, R.I. (President), and among the notable diners was General Baden-Powell, who is a member of the Club, and several other distinguished artists. The tables were tastefully decorated with flowers, and the dinner, which was voted a success, did great credit to the proprietor of the Florence.



Launching a Liner

The P. and O. Company's new express steamer, *Saltette*, leaving the ways at Greenock. She is a 20-knot steamer of 6,000 tons, designed for the Indian Mail Service, but during August and September next she will be temporarily employed on pleasure cruises

Number, Please?

Telephones are the most useful, as well as the most annoying, of contrivances, but after a visit to the vast Gerrard Exchange of the National Telephone Company I have resolved to keep my temper even if I *do* get cut off, for my only wonder now is that I am ever able to get on to any other number at all! To the uninitiated the most interesting spot in the Exchange is the great switchroom. Around a large airy hall are eighty-eight "positions," before each of which is seated an operator. On each position are a number of small lamps, one of which glows when the subscriber takes his telephone off the hook. Adjacent to each lamp is a "jack" connected with the same subscriber's line, and on each position are seventeen pairs of cords, terminating in plugs, with which the operator makes the desired connection. Above the subscribers' "jacks" and lamps is the "multiple," a most important feature of the Exchange, consisting of 10,000 "jacks" connected to the different subscribers on Gerrard Exchange, and another 1,000 in connection with the junctions to other Exchanges in the Metropolitan area, all being repeated or "multipled" round the switchboard, so that each operator has before her and within her reach every subscriber's line connected to her own Exchange and every junction line to all other Exchanges. With such a bewildering array of plugs, lamps, switches, and buttons, the smooth working of our vast telephone system is a mystery. When it comes to figures the visitor becomes more amazed still. In the Gerrard Exchange, for instance, 20,821 telephone stations are working, while there are 1,917 junction lines to other Exchanges. Three hundred and nine girls are employed by day, while nineteen male operators are on duty all night. The total number of calls received every day number about 175,000, each operator answering about 700 during her seven and a half hours of duty, calls averaging 145 an hour during the busiest times. I had always imagined the switchroom as a babel of noise. As a matter of fact, there is not a sound, except the slight rattle of the plugs and a very, very subdued murmur of voices. The rest of the building is a marvellous example of business ingenuity and care, but it is necessarily of less interest to the lay mind. There are 6,800 miles of wire in cables, while the incandescent lamps number 26,000. In fact, it would be difficult to find another spot of greater interest in all London. Therefore, be considerate to "the lady at the Exchange" next time you do happen to get cut off.

Smokers unable to obtain "LUNTIN" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending SIX penny stamps to the sole Manufacturers—
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

The only genuine "Harvey's Sauce."
LAZENBY'S
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SAUCE,
Prepared from the original recipe of 100 years ago.
The Sauce for **FISH**; also excellent with Game, Steaks, &c.